

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1785

JULY 21, 1906

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J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.
Registrar.

University College, Cardiff.
July 17, 1906.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE following resolutions were passed by the Publishers' Association and cordially supported by the Associated Booksellers at their annual meeting at Oxford:

1. That second-hand copies of net books shall not be sold under the published price within six months of publication.

2. That new copies of net books shall not be treated as dead stock within twelve months of the date of purchase, nor shall at any time afterwards be sold at a reduction without having been first offered to the publisher at cost price, or at the proposed reduced price, whichever is the lower.

In comment on these resolutions, a librarian sends us the communication that follows. We print the whole of it as it reached us, if only to afford an opportunity for its refutation, and without in any way giving it our support, or agreeing with the opinions expressed in it.

"The 'close time for net books,'" he writes, "is only another step in the endeavour to injure public libraries. It is true the *Times* is an offender against what are said to be the 'best interests' of the smaller booksellers, but the T.B.C. [Times Book Club] is in a great measure only the whipping-boy. Previous to 1901, booksellers recognised that public libraries were amongst their best customers. Library orders gave no trouble, as the whole of the details of the books required were given; the orders came in regularly in bulk; and from a commercial standpoint libraries required and received preferential treatment, in the matter of discount, over the occasional purchaser of single volumes. In 1901 the number of net books published was 2322 and the value was £983. Last year the number had increased to 4617 and the value had risen to £1480. Side by side with this hardening of the price, a marked deterioration of the material and binding has been going on. Wherever a discount was offered and accepted on net books an opposition tradesman was found to give information to the Association, with the result that the offending tradesman was threatened with a boycott. This caused an increased demand for early second-hand copies of net books. It naturally followed that the larger circulating libraries, which are treated as 'trade,' laid in a stock of a new net book knowing that they could get rid of their surplus copies at a good price—usually at about cost—after they had been in circulation some two or three months. It is this system that the 'close time' has been instituted to combat.

"In the United States, the home of the net book system, the claim of the public library to consideration is recognised, and retailers are allowed to give a discount off net books to these public institutions. No librarian objects to the net book system—it is a perfectly logical one—he only objects to the refusal of publishing houses

and booksellers to grant him the same terms that any other tradesman would give to a large buyer. Apart from the books which publishers are only able to put upon the market with success by the support of the larger public libraries, the public library has made markets which otherwise would be non-existent. In addition to the thousands of books required in opening new libraries, at least three hundred and fifty thousand volumes are bought by these 'co-operative book-clubs' yearly. And the more the net book system is extended, and the more cast-iron its regulations become, so much the more will the spending powers of the public libraries be restricted until the removal of the rate limitation is accomplished. The idea seems to be now that public libraries have formed the 'reading-habit' in many millions of people, to abolish them for the benefit of the booksellers.

"Unless publishers and booksellers as a body come to recognise the fact that their 'best interests' are not served by antagonising the public library, the only solution of the difficulty appears to lie in the formation of a co-operative library-booksellers' union; and if an endeavour should be made to treat this as outside the 'trade,' it would naturally undertake publishing also. As it would be able to give a safe market up to a certain point, it could offer the best terms to authors. There is no thought of a threat in this—the matter has never been discussed, or even broached before—it would be but the natural outcome of unnatural conditions. The turnover of such a co-operative society, amongst its public library members alone, would amount, in round figures, to at least one hundred thousand pounds a year."

The spelling of French is far more regular than that of English, but even in France they have felt the need of reform. Some little time ago a Commission was appointed to propose measures for the simplification of spelling, and its report was recently issued. From the *Westminster Gazette* we take the following, which are among its recommendations: That the letter "y" shall be suppressed whenever it is pronounced as "i," as in "cristal"; that "s" shall take the place of "x" in such plurals as "chevaux"; that the superfluous "h" shall be dropped in such words as "rétorique" and "têatre"; that the French for "egg" shall henceforth be "euf"; that "pan" shall be written instead of "paon," "prent" instead of "prend," "dizième" instead of "dixième," and "exposition" instead of "exposition."

It is noteworthy that the Académie française, which has in its time done good service to French spelling, is not to be consulted. The measure is to affect schools only; but in all schools the suggested changes are to be made compulsory by Ministerial decree. It is, that is to say, a purely utilitarian measure, designed to save trouble and expense in teaching and learning orthography. Our contemporary declares it to be "at present an open question" whether the change will be adopted by men of letters, "who are not less interested in the French language than the pedagogues." Imagine M. Anatole France writing *euf*; or M. Brunetière writing of his spiritual head as "Pie Dis," or delivering a *conférence* on the "Téâtre de Molière"!

Nevertheless, if the Ministerial decree is pronounced, in twenty years all France, men of letters and men who drop all the letters they can, will be writing *dizième*, *exposicion* (perhaps we shall be writing that too, since we have given up the word *exhibition*) and *rétorique*. Once start a practice in the schools, there is no stopping it. The flood of early acquired habit will swamp, *proprio motu*, all the barriers set up by scholarship, sentiment or habit.

The International Printing, Stationery and Allied Trades Exhibition, which opened at the Agricultural Hall on

Saturday last, shows a great advance on that of 1904, not only in the quality of the work exhibited, but in methods and machinery construction. By far the largest stand is that of the Linotype Company, in the centre of the hall, at which are shown two Miehle Two-Revolution Presses, coupled together for use as a perfecter, with a separate coupling appliance for printing two colours at one feeding—an entirely new departure. The Monoline matrix type-caster and composer—specially adapted for quick changes in type and length of line—has seldom been seen in this country, though it is well known in Australia and on the Continent. Its advantages are apparent, and it is safe to prophesy that it will be adopted by many visitors to the exhibition.

Much the most important development in machinery is the Stringertype matrix composing and casting machine, now exhibited for the first time. It may be described, in a sentence, as a combination of the Linotype and the Monotype without the disadvantages of either. The Monotype, though it casts separate letters instead of the solid block of the Linotype, has a separate casting apparatus. The Stringertype is a "one-man" machine. With the Linotype a single error entails resetting the whole line, and proofs have frequently to wait until the operator has finished the particular "copy" he is setting. With the Stringertype corrections can be made by hand irrespective of the machine, and in this way time is saved, as proofs can be distributed among a number of compositors. In addition, the alignment is less often at fault, and the metal used is much harder than in the Linotype, thus permitting long runs to be made from the type instead of involving stereotyping before working. Want of space prevents our dealing with many other exhibits of importance, but the exhibition as a whole maintains a high level. It might have been made more interesting to the general public (and incidentally more successful from a financial standpoint) if examples of old presses, old machinery, and "case" composition had been shown.

Twice during the past week has the London County Council taken an important step, one forward, the other backward. Its Improvements Committee has pronounced against the suggestions of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, the Further Strand Improvement Committee and the Royal Institute of British Architects with regard to the portion of the Strand between Wellington Street and the Law Courts; and its Parks and Open Spaces Committee has secured the adoption of a recommendation that County Council concerts shall be given indoors in winter, outdoors in summer, with fees charged for seats and programmes.

With the latter—the forward—step, we are in entire agreement. Objections were raised on account of expense: there need be no expense, if the Council will cease to regard itself as a charitable institution and act as if aware that it is among the number of commercial houses. One gentleman called the proposal "the thin edge of the wedge," the wedge, we presume, of a County Council tea-garden or music-hall—an undertaking which might provide not only wholesome amusement, but make a handsome profit. The most ingenious objection came from a Mr. Pigott, who "hoped the parks would be kept for those who went into them to hear the songs of the birds." At eight, nine or ten P.M.? If there is no music in our parks and open spaces, there is apt to be rowdyism, hoarse laughter and screams, enough to frighten even a bird so full of spirit as to sing by night. Music—even the "niggers and pierrots" dreaded by the same objector—smooths the savage beast by occupying its mind. And wholesome amusement is always better than the alternative, unwholesome amusement. The only question is, will the Council be able to find paying audiences? Any attempt to provide further free amusement than is given already must be sternly checked.

The other matter, the refusal to adopt the suggested improvements to the Strand, it is clearly useless to discuss. A unique opportunity was offered, and has been thrown away. The eastern end of the Strand might have been made one of the most beautiful spots in any city in the world. Timidity will have given it the distressing effect of a good thing spoiled. Another question rises in the mind: What sort of building is it that will block up that corner of the eastern horn of the crescent? Something of terra-cotta and plate glass? That we can build still is clear to any one who has studied Mr. Willett's houses and the great new block in Sloane Square: Bond Street has recently seen the other side of the picture.

The recently issued Report of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, for the year 1905-1906, shows much good work done, and many attempts that have unfortunately been frustrated. Lord Cadogan made it impossible for the Trust to save Paradise Row, Chelsea; the quarry-owners are ruining the Cheddar Gorge and the Gorge of the Avon by Bristol; but against these failures we have to set the Gowbarrow and Aira Force purchases and the Hindhead preservation, which have been already widely discussed, and many minor acquisitions and timely interferences with destruction. It is interesting to note that the "small donor" played a large part in finding the money for the purchase of Gowbarrow. One working-woman of Sheffield sent a postal order.

It is much to be hoped that the Trust will be able to find the £1000 necessary to save Barrington Court, Somerset, a sixteenth-century house of Gothic detail that marks, as few others, the transition from pure Gothic to Renaissance. The house has been stripped of all its fittings and is falling to pieces, so that prompt action is necessary. Meanwhile, it is good to note that Mr. R. W. Raper has saved the Herefordshire Beacon in the Malverns from quarrying by purchasing the quarrying rights and making them over under stringent conditions to the Conservators. The Committee on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures, whose Report we have also before us, has a long list of destruction, threatened or accomplished, due to quarrying.

The farm of Mont St. Jean, which has been sold and is to be demolished unless a public subscription intervenes, is described by Comte Louis Cavens as "toute pleine de faits d'histoire." The Count hopes that the "act of vandalism" may yet be stopped. Now, the farm in question is on the east side of the Charleroi road, about a quarter of a mile south of the point where, in the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, the *chaussée* to Nivelles branches off to the south-west. Half a mile or so south of the farm the Charleroi road is intersected at right angles by the cross road from Wavre and Ohain to Braine l'Alleud; that cross road marked the front of Wellington's position with the exception of the advanced posts at Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, Papelotte and La Haye. It will be seen, therefore, that the farm was behind the Allies' line, and is not nearly of so much importance as a relic as, for instance, Hougomont. The Mont St. Jean farm was used as the headquarters of the medical department, and it was probably to one of the barns attached to it that Sir William de Lancey was carried when he was wounded.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Times* states that the museum and hotel at the foot of the Belgian lion are for sale. The museum is well known to all who have visited the battlefield, as it contains a number of interesting and genuine relics. It was founded by Sergt.-Major Cotton, of the 7th Hussars, the author of "A Voice from Waterloo." He lived at Waterloo after being discharged from the regiment, and on his death in 1849 was buried in the orchard of Hougomont by the side of Capt. Blackwood,

who fell in the battle. It is to be hoped that the museum will fall into good hands and that the contents will not be dispersed. The same correspondent states that the whole battlefield appears to be doomed, as the local authorities propose to run a roadway across the centre, with building allotments on either side.

Last Sunday week an interesting performance took place within the walls of the Gallo-Roman theatre now in course of restoration at Champlieu on the edge of the forest of Compiègne; the *Cyclops* and the *Iphigenia* of Euripides were interpreted, in French translations made by M. Alfred Poizat and M. Jean Moreas respectively, by members of the Comédie-Française and the Odéon, including MM. Coquelin cadet and Sylvain. M. Damartin-Beaumetz attended as Under-Secretary of Fine Arts, and of the four thousand or more persons who sought admission many were turned away for want of space. Champlieu has long been known for its Gallo-Roman remains; but the excavations begun under the Second Empire were abandoned and it was not until last year that the Minister of Public Instruction appointed a commission to consider the development of the work.

The renewed clearings confirm the opinion that the theatre was semi-circular, with a diameter of over four hundred feet. The stage and proscenium can be easily traced, while the vomitories remain intact. The tiers of seats have almost entirely disappeared. Close at hand are to be seen a small temple and a bath, together with portions of statues. The performance, a very impressive one under the brilliant sky, was organised by the *Société des Fouilles Archéologiques*, president, M. Babelon, in the interest of a fund for pursuing the excavation and restoration of the remains.

The author of the article on Chatterton's Poems which appeared in last week's ACADEMY desires to say that the word "poet" on p. 34, column 2, four lines from the bottom, should be "nobleman."

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge announce a two days' sale on July 23 and following day of Illuminated Manuscripts, Rare Books and Tracts printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (four with autographs of Ben Jonson) scarce American Tracts, early writings on Astrology and Witchcraft, Missals, and some Historical and Poetical Manuscripts. The books are from the libraries of Mr. Thomas Forbes Kelsall, Mr. F. A. Crisp, and others. One of the most interesting items is a very large and generally sound copy of the 1550 edition printed at Zurich of Coverdale's translation "into Englyshe" of "The Whole Byble." This is the largest and best copy that has been offered for sale for years.

Amongst other important lots are the following: "London's Triumphs, with Speeches and Songs on the inauguration of the Lord Mayor, 1677," by Thomas Jordan, City Poet Laureate, 1677 (an uncut copy); First Editions of Keats's *Endymion* and *Lamia*; the very rare 1817 edition (first) of Shelley's Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom; First Editions of Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, *Alastor*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *The Cenci*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Hellas*, *Adonais*, and other works; first editions of Richardson's *Pamela* (very scarce), Sir Charles Grandison and *Clarissa*; a large paper copy of Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, 1807; autograph letters of Benjamin Franklin to one of his sons, dated 1771 and 1773; a very rare Franklin item, *Eloge Civique de Benjamin Franklin*, Paris, 1790; a presentation copy from the author to Charles Cotton of the first edition (1649) of Richard Lovelace's *Lucasta*; the Manuscript of the great preacher Whitefield's Account of the first part of his Life, begun in 1739 on board the *Elizabeth* bound from England to Philadelphia; a copy printed on vellum (one of seven) of the Kelmscott Press Edition of

Keats's Poems; a fine copy of the extremely scarce first edition of Thomas Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, which contains a reference on the last leaf to the volume of poems just then published under the title of *The Passionate Pilgrime*.

The Astrological books include Chambers's *Treatise against Judicial Astrologie* (dedicate to the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Sir Thomas Egerton), first edition, 1601; and William Lilly's *Astrological Almanacks* for 1672, 1673 and 1674. Three very scarce tracts occur on the first day on the subject of the Deserved death of the base and insolent Tyrant the Marquis d'Ancre, the most unworthie Marshall of France, 1617; and a curious book to be sold on the same day is *The Church Triumphant, or a Comfortable Treatise*, wherein is proved that the number of the Damned is inferior to that of the Elect, by Jos. Alford, of Oriell College in Oxford, 1649. Some very curious books which will be offered are *The Reformed Commonwealth of Bees*, with the Reformed Virginian Silkworm, containing many choice and excellent secrets, published at the West End of S. Pauls, 1655; *The Triall of Witchcraft*, shewing the True and Right Methode of the Discovery, by John Cotta, original edition, 1616; Richard Harvey's *Philadelphus, or a Defence of Brutes*, black letter, Original Edition, 1593; and *Here Begynnethe a Good Booke of Medecins called the Treasure of Poore Men*, black letter, London, about 1540, an extremely scarce book.

The Proprietors of *Tit-Bits*, *The Strand Magazine*, *The Grand Magazine*, and *Woman's Life* have arranged with the Committee of the National Art Union to hold a Great Art Drawing on Wednesday November 21, 1906, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., for the special benefit of the Readers of those papers and magazines. The prizes will be as follows: First Prize, value £500; Second Prize, value £250; Third Prize, value £100; Three Prizes of £50 value each; Five Prizes of £20 value each, and five thousand or more other prizes. The above amounts will be provided and expended by the Committee of the National Art Union, and the pictures will be selected by them (giving the winners a choice) from paintings in the Royal Academy and other leading exhibitions. Full particulars may be found in any of the papers mentioned.

The new museum of Malmaison, near Paris, is now open to the public. Malmaison is the house in which Napoleon stayed when First Consul, and whither Joséphine retired to live after her divorce. The house has been much altered by successive owners, but the furniture, much of which has been presented by the Empress Eugénie from her château of Arenenberg near Lake Constance, is all authentically Napoleonic. It includes Napoleon's private correspondence casket, a little mahogany box, Napoleon's bureau, at which he sat planning the campaign of 1805 and the chair he sat in, and Joséphine's harp.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Friday, July 20.—Sale of Books and Manuscripts. Monday, July 23 and Tuesday, July 24.—Sale of Books, Manuscripts and Engravings, including the library of Mr. Thomas Forbes Kelsall and others.

LITERATURE

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOSS

Coniston. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

IF we bear in mind what was accomplished in the way of social reform by the novels of Charles Reade it will be found not easy to condemn the "novel with a purpose." No doubt, the existence of a conscious purpose militates against a romance as a work of art, yet even a pamphlet

may be entertaining. Whatever the original idea with which Mr. Winston Churchill started, he has succeeded in making an amusing book of "Coniston." He has combined an elucidation of the American boss and his system with an engaging love-story. Jethro Bass has had his portrait drawn at full length, and, but for a defect which we shall endeavour to point out, it might well have been ranged in a gallery of masterpieces. But in our opinion the novelist has sacrificed consistency of human nature to the exigencies of his story. Most of the action takes place during the presidency of General Grant, and the characters nearly all begin life at Coniston, a township, or rather district, then in course of development. Jethro's first start as a politician lay in making adroit use of certain mortgages. It will serve our purpose better to quote one little interview that took place before the election than to describe that election at length:

Eben appeared at the door, a little dishevelled in hair and beard, for he had been sleeping.

"Haow be you Jethro?" he said nervously. Jethro nodded.

"Weather looks a mite soft."

No answer.

"About that interest," said Eben, plunging into the dread subject, "don't know as I'm ready this month after all."

"G-goin' to town meetin', Eben?"

"Wahn't callatin' to," answered Eben.

"G-goin' to town meetin', Eben?"

Eben, puzzled and dismayed, ran his hand through his hair.

"Wahn't callatin' to—but I kin—I kin."

"D-Democrat—hain't ye—D-Democrat?"

"I kin be," said Eben. Then he looked at Jethro, and added in a startled voice, "Don't know but what I be—Yes, I guess I be."

"H-heerd the ticket?"

Yes, Eben had heard the ticket. What man had not. Some one has been most industrious, and most disinterested, in distributing that ticket.

"Hain't a mite of hurry about the interest right now—right now," said Jethro. "M-may be along the third week in March—may be—can't tell."

And Jethro clucked to his horse, and drove away.

Here we have the American politician in embryo; but it was necessary that the novelist should make a complex personality of him, and we have the finer part coming out in his love for the beauty of Coniston, Cynthia Ware. But at the critical moment, when, after much waiting, he finds out that his love is returned, he will not make the sacrifice required, which is that he should forego the political influence illegitimately won by the power of the mortgage. She was ready, like ripe fruit, to fall into his arms, but not unless he made that sacrifice to her integrity.

"You did not know what you were doing," she said. "I was sure of it, or I would not have come to you. Oh, Jethro! you must stop it—you must prevent this election."

Her eyes met his, her own pleading, and the very wind without seemed to pause for his answer. But what she asked was impossible. That wind which he himself had loosed, which was to topple over institutions, was rising, and he could no more have stopped it than he could have hushed the storm.

"You will not do what I ask—now?" she said, very slowly. Then her voice failed her, she drew her hands together, and it was as if her heart had ceased to beat. Sorrow and anger and fierce shame overwhelmed her, and she turned from him in silence and went to the door.

"Cynthy," he cried hoarsely, "Cynthy!"

"You must never speak to me again," she said, and was gone into the storm.

Yes, she had failed. But she did not know that she had left something behind which he treasured as long as he lived.

This was part of the unscrupulousness later to be urged against him without defence, and we are told that it persisted throughout his life. But then he appears continually in the light of a philanthropist; and that is, we think, where Mr. Winston Churchill fails. It is Sir Thomas Browne, we believe, who says something to the effect that the light sin plays only like a summer cloud over the soul of youth and leaves no mark behind it, but after thirty the occasional error deepens and hardens into a habit of vice. As Robert Burns sang of a different fault: "But oh, it it hardens a' within and petrifies the feelings." In the case

of Jethro Bass we find that instead of this natural development his long course of unscrupulous intrigue only makes him the more sentimental. The love-story to which we have alluded is only a prelude to the real drama. Cynthia Ware departs, becomes a school teacher and eventually marries a literary man, who is something less than a poet and more than a journalist. To him she bears a daughter, Cynthia Wetherell, the real heroine of the story. Jethro loves her as though she had been his own child, and by one of those coincidences which are permitted to novelists this girl falls in love with the son of his greatest rival. The battle of these two raged over a very small matter, namely the appointment of a local postmaster. Jethro Bass wins with the aid of one of those acute dodges which seem to come natural to him; but his rival thereupon opens a terrific campaign in the Press, his most important artillery coming in the shape of a leading article which seems to sum up, in a way that renders reply impossible, the character and career of Jethro Bass. The following is a description of this attack:

The article was an arraignment of Jethro Bass—and a terrible arraignment indeed. Step by step it traced his career from the beginning, showing first of all how he had debauched his own town of Coniston; how, enlarging on the same methods, he had gradually extended his grip over the county, and finally over the state; how he had bought and sold men for his own power and profit, deceived those who had trusted in him, corrupted governors and legislators, congressmen and senators, and even justices of the courts; how he had trafficked ruthlessly in the enterprises of the people. Instance upon instance was given, and men of high prominence from whom he had received bribes were named, not the least important of these being the Honorable Alva Hopkins of Gosport.

This, no doubt, is a very fair description of the American boss of the time. Mr. Winston Churchill is doing good service by exposing him, but, if the accusations were—as they seem to have been—unanswerable, it is pretty evident that, in a slang phrase appropriate to the occasion, at threescore and ten Mr. Jethro Bass must have been "a hard nut," and the very last person in whom we should expect to find a development of remorse. When Cynthia hears of the attack, following the instinct of a lady, she goes direct to her guardian, and this is how she found out:

He was standing with his foot upon the sawbuck and the saw across his knee, he was staring at the woodpile, and there was stamped upon his face a look which no man or woman had ever seen there, a look of utter loneliness and desolation, a look as of a soul condemned to wander forever through the infinite, cold spaces between the worlds—alone.

It is here that we think a false note is struck. It would surprise us very much indeed to find the bosses of to-day, the iron and cotton and oil kings who have been guilty of practices at least as shameful as any of those laid to the charge of Jethro Bass, torn with regret for their misdeeds. In other words, the novel, when tried on the touchstone of nature, does not stand the test. It is a version of the trick of the old-fashioned romantics, who were in the habit of showing tears of repentance in the eyes of the most hoary-headed sinners just before the climax was reached. Needless to say, Jethro gives up his evil ways at the request of this girl, whom he regards with paternal love, although in the days of his generous youth he would not yield to her passionately adored mother on a smaller point of the same kind. He retires to his shop, only to emerge once more for the purpose of checking the last villainy of his great rival. But now he is no longer an unscrupulous adventurer, but a noble knight sallying forth to redeem a lady's fortune. Thus, we think, our assertion is made good that the author of this remarkable novel just falls short of real greatness. It is as if Dumas had given a death-bed repentance to Mazarin, or as if Smollett had put a virtuous crown on the life of Count Fathom. In other respects, however, the novel is one well worthy of attention. Its characters are, perhaps, too numerous, reminding us in their multitude and complexity of America itself, but they are all drawn with vigour and animation. The women are delightful, and a genuine humour twinkles over the whole book, making it very pleasant indeed to read.

MODERN LATIN VERSE

The Ancient Mariner. Rendered into Latin elegiacs by Rev. REGINALD BROUGHTON, M.A. (Oxford: Parker, 1s. net.)

It was a very difficult task which Mr. Broughton essayed when he rendered "The Ancient Mariner" into elegiac verse. When a fond mother told Dr. Johnson how difficult was the piece which her daughter had just played on the piano, the grim critic said: "Madam, I would it had been impossible." We are disposed to say the same about Mr. Broughton's feat. He is obviously an excellent scholar of great taste and saturated with Ovid. But the measures of Ovid are alien from "The Ancient Mariner." Hexameters would have been far more suitable. A glorified ballad which takes the form of a weird narrative would go best of all in the galliambics of the "Atys" of Catullus; but that difficult metre could hardly be successfully maintained through more than five hundred verses. The art of translating English into Latin or Greek poetry is a charming one, and we are pleased to find that it still has its fascination for scholars; but we think it is far better applied to short pieces than to poems of five or six hundred lines. Translations into Latin and Greek verse ought to be as perfect as cameos, and this flawlessness cannot be assured for hundreds of lines. There will be here and there a failure. "May'st hear the merry din" does not find its true counterpart in "Audin' ut erumpant murmura laetitiae"; and the same may be said of "Quales accipiat mens stupefacta sonos" for "Like noises in a swoon" and of "Exhausit trepidus cor mihi molle pavor" for "Fear at my heart as at a cup my life-blood seem'd to sip." Would one without the English understand:

Scilicet e nebulis nivibusque advenerat ulnis
Altior usque novem pone secutus iter?

Is there any authority for *reptilia* with the ante-penult long? The word is quite post-classical, and would more naturally be *reptilis* than *reptilis*. If there is any authority for the quantity which Mr. Broughton has assumed, perhaps he will write to the ACADEMY, and I will gladly cry *peccavi*. There are passages where a word must have been omitted, where the verse cannot be scanned as printed. Such are:

Corpore tute es longo macer oreque fulvo
Nunc porro enixa aegre nunc ire retrorsum

Again, *barbarus* is not "cruel" and *sinus* is not "the heart":

Pulvere fiebat siccior inde sinus

is not Latin for "made my heart as dry as dust."

Mr. Broughton has shown much scholarship and ingenuity in accomplishing his difficult task; he has used *abscondere* and *imbuiere* idiomatically and well, and we could quote many ingenious passages. We must content ourselves with one or two—the beautiful passage about "the leafy month of June":

Vox ea desiderat; gratum tamen inde susurrum
Fecere ad medium carbasa mota diem,
Quale ciet in murmur, cum Junia frondibus arbor
Luxuriat, tecto tramite rivus aquae,
Qui tacitis silvis mollique sopore sepultis
Nocturnus blandum temperat usque modum.

Again:

The air is cut away before
And closes from behind

is a difficult phrase to render neatly, but the difficulty is adroitly met by:

Scilicet ante ratem lentus proscinditur aer,
Orbis et a tergo sectus uterque coit.

In a word, the poem is too long for a Latin version, especially in elegiacs. Even the late Dean Merivale's "Hyperion" suffered from its length, though it was a fine piece of work in spite of one false quantity, *vilitantis*.

Verses in the dead languages are most pleasing when they are short, perhaps most of all when they are more or less comic, bringing out the contrast between the dignified language and the ridiculous theme. That delightful book, "Oxford Echoes" has many such pieces; for instance, the "Ode to Tobacco" in finished iambs by that admirable scholar, A. Sidgwick:

ἐνεγκάτω τις πῦρ βρογγομαϊκόν,
(καῦσαι δ' ἀδύνατον μὴ οὐχὶ πρὸς κίστην τριβέειν).

Bryant and May ought to have this inscription on their matches "igniting only on the box."

Let the fortunate possessor of "Oxford Echoes" turn to the same scholar's version of the piece set to Verdant Green at his sham matriculation: "She went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple pie." . . . "What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber," appears thus:

τί γάρ; κοίτας ἄρ' ἔχει σ' ἀχηνία;
ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπώλει' ἡ δ' ἀπροσκόπως κακοῦ
κῆδος ξυνήψε τῷ ξύρῳ ἐπιστάτη.

The "laudes oti" by A. Godley is charming:

Nota discount alii remigandi iura,
Qua premendus arte sit venter inter crura;
Haec est vitæ ratio longe nimis dura:
Nulla nobis cutis est deterendae cura.

Habitu levissimo magna pars induto
Pellunt pilas pedibus, concidunt in luto:
Hos, si potest fieri, stultiores puto
Atque tantum similes animali bruto.

Aliis contrariis usus disciplinis
Procul rivo vivit et Torpidorum vinis:
Nullus unquam ponitur huic legendi finis:
Vescitur radicibus Graecis et Latinis:

Mihi cum ut subeam Moderationes
Tutor suadet anxius "frustra" inquam "mones:
Per me licet ignibus universas dones
Aeschyli palmaris emendationes."

There is another admirable bit of Latin rhyme touching the Agricultural Depression and its impoverishing effect on the College of St. John:

Praesidens confectus annis
Sedet vix opertus pannis
In Collegio Johannis.

Nam nec praedia vendendo
Nec impensas minuendo
Erit amplius solvendo.

Dicit "Agriculturalis
Nunc Depressio fit talis
Ut conficiamur malis.

Summus inter Praesidentes,
Sociique esurientes,
Egestatem vix ferentes,

Quondam sole sub sereno
Qui gaudebant sinu pleno
Labant aere alieno."

These verses are not, of course, classical. *Agriculturalis Depressio* is not Ciceronian; but yet one can see that the writer is a scholar. It is, however, quite possible to write comic Latin verses without violating the Ciceronian idiom. Verses like those in the "Oxford Echoes" will have more readers than versions of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" or Keats's "Hyperion."

In illustration of a remark made above, that the humour lies in the contrast between the inanity of the English and the dignity of the dead language, we would add a Greek and a Latin version from E. Lear's Book of Nonsense. The first ends with an Aeschylean two-worded senarius; the second has the Ennian *tnesis of cerebrum*.

There once was a lady of Russia
Who scream'd so that no one could hush her,
Her screams were extreme,
You ne'er heard such a scream
As was scream'd by this lady of Russia.

γυνή ποτ' ἀβάτοις ἐμπολὶς Σκυθῶν γόαις
ἐρρήξ' ἰν γῆν εὐ φλοῖς κατὰχευται,
λαμπρὰν, διατόραν, οὐχ ὑπερτοξεύσιμον
γυναικογῆρτοισιν ὀρθιδέμασι.

There once was a lady of Troy
Whom sev'ral small flies did annoy :
Some she kill'd with a thump,
Some she drown'd at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy.

Troada ne taceam praestantem Troasin : illa,
Forte lacessita heu ! muscis et peste minuta,
Ingestis colaphis harum cere comminuit brum,
Has autem ad puteum raptas absumpsit in undis,
At reliquas reduces cum virgine Troia recepit.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN FRANCE

À Propos de la Séparation des Églises et de l'État. Par PAUL SABATIER. (Paris, Librairie Fischbacher, 3 fr.)

Disestablishment in France. By PAUL SABATIER. With a Preface by the translator, ROBERT DELL. (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

AMONG the publications on the subject of the separation of religious communities from the State in France few have attracted wider attention than the work of M. Paul Sabatier which has now reached a fourth edition. It has been translated by Mr. Robert Dell, who has written an interesting and instructive preface and added an appendix giving the text of the Separation Law of December 10, 1905, both in French and English, accompanied by valuable notes.

M. Sabatier is a disciple of Rénan. Like that brilliant person he has written on St. Francis of Assisi in a manner revealing deep spiritual insight and wide sympathy with various manifestations of religious life. In the book under review he contends that the separation of Church from State was, sooner or later, inevitable, and has not been forced upon France by an organised band of anti-Christian fanatics. To this extent he is right, but he is not completely just to those Frenchmen who look askance at the recent ecclesiastical legislation. Many regard it as an attempt to destroy the Christian religion and a legacy from the great Revolution. But it is untrue to say that there was in 1789 a general desire to make war upon the Church. Sieyès, in one of the most remarkable of his writings, "Délibérations à prendre par les Assemblées des Bailliages," explains the objects of the Revolution and does not even allude to ecclesiastical questions as among the problems pressing for solution. A few years later, however, an organised anti-Christian movement became perceptible and has ever since, notwithstanding periods of reaction, grown in strength. A leading member of the present French Ministry expressed a wish to see the Madeleine turned into a place of amusement and a hope that France would renounce the Oriental religion she has professed so long. M. Sabatier exposes with great skill the follies of the clericals, but does not explain with equal clearness that the extreme anti-Christian faction, from the days of Chaumette and Romme to the present hour, has steadily strengthened the power of the Obscurantist and Ultramontane section in the French Church. These antagonistic forces—the anti-Christian and the Ultramontane—have, each in its different way, worked evil to the Christian religion. It may, however, fairly be contended that the Ultramontane has been the more mischievous of the two. Its conduct as regards Leo Taxil is a striking instance in point. This man whose real name was Gabriel Jogand-Pagès was educated by the Jesuits. He became a journalist and, about 1879, made himself conspicuous by attacks on the clergy. He published an infamous book entitled "Les Amours Secrètes de Pie IX" and other works so abominable that all respectable people were disgusted. To acquire a new position he suddenly, in April 1885, announced his conversion. This was regarded in

Ultramontane circles as a miracle of grace, and the Papal Nuncio himself relieved him of the excommunication *de lata sententia*. Taxil then proceeded in numerous writings to reveal the secrets of Freemasonry. These productions, full of the most indecent and unspeakably absurd stories, were widely read and implicitly believed by simple-minded people. The basis of his "Revelations" was that Freemasons worshipped the Devil. Others took up the tale, among them an Italian, Domenico Margotta, who published at Grenoble a volume on the worship of Satan, prefaced by the apostolic benediction of Mgr. Fava, Bishop of the Diocese. Leo XIII. showed his approval of the work by conferring on its author the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Mgr. Fava himself produced a book entitled "Le Secret de la Franc-Maçonnerie," the appearance of which was greeted by the Pope with a Latin poem which appeared in the *Univers* of June 7, 1898. All ecclesiastical journals in France devoted a portion of their space to "Revelations" and Leo XIII. appointed in 1896 a Commission to inquire into Freemasonry, which convened an International Congress at Trent. This Congress, at which thirty-six bishops were present, met at the end of September, and Leo Taxil was the hero of the hour. He professed to have received some of his "Revelations" from a young Englishwoman, Diana Vaughan. Among her marvellous stories was one of a *séance* at Malta during which Lucifer himself appeared and, at her request, conjured up one of her ancestors. She alleged that Admiral Markham, on receiving his command in the Mediterranean, was made "grand maître d'honneur" of the "Parfait triangle" at Malta which possessed a wonderful talisman, "la flèche de fer." When he read her account of that *séance* he expressed his disbelief in it to Captain Hughes, whereupon "la flèche de fer" planted itself in his breast and carried him to Charlestown, where, becoming alive, it asked him: "Dost thou now believe?" On his replying in the affirmative, he was transported back to Malta and there relieved of the talisman in the presence of Captain Hughes. This preposterous story may be read in the "Mémoires d'une ex-Palladiste, parfaite initiée, indépendante," by any one who has a reader's ticket for the British Museum. At the Congress of Trent four German priests had common sense enough to press for some definite information about Diana Vaughan, and ultimately Taxil was forced to announce that he would bring her to a meeting in Paris convened for April 19, 1897. He appeared there and told his audience that Diana Vaughan was a myth and that he had been trying for ten years to sound the unfathomable stupidity of Catholics. He then escaped and has never been heard of since. Mr. Dell reminds us that Cardinal Merry del Val, one of the dupes of Taxil, is now the Papal Secretary of State and the right-hand man of Pius X. Perhaps one of the most stinging remarks in Loisy's "Autour d'un petit livre" is that the official Church has never shown disapprobation of the imposture. He might have added that, on the contrary, marks of favour and distinction have been showered on men who were its conspicuous supporters.

The attitude of ecclesiastical authority in this matter could not but strengthen the conviction of those anticlericals who hold that the Church exercises a debasing influence on mankind. They forget, however, that while its rulers remain obscurantist a remarkable change is taking place, particularly among the younger clergy. M. Sabatier points out that Loisy's works must at first have been read chiefly in clerical circles. He soon, however, riveted the eyes of all and has become the champion of a movement irresistible and certain to influence profoundly the Catholic mind of Europe. Its progress cannot now be arrested seriously by any action of the official Church, for, as he says himself of attempts to crush him:

Il s'est trouvé que celui qu'on voulait surtout abattre était un exégète fantôme qui avait derrière lui une Idée. Chaque fois qu'il a mordu la poussière l'Idée s'est relevée l'instant d'après, souriante et

forte et l'Ombre d'exégète a continué ses périlleux exercices. On ne tue pas les Idées à coup de bâton.

A Jesuit, Father Portalié, lifted up his hands to Heaven and cried: "This is the end of Catholicism," but Sabatier is right when he says that it is rather the rising of new sap in the old religious trunk. He quotes from *Demain*, a Catholic periodical lately started at Lyons, the following extract, which illustrates what is passing in the mind of many Frenchmen:

Catholic France is dying, but she is succumbing far less to the attacks of her enemies than to her own short-comings and to the disfigurements which she has inflicted on herself with her own hand. Cursory observers are surprised at the failure of our religion, which, in fact, is neither understood nor practised rightly, to preserve the spiritual life which is ebbing away from us. Yet no phenomenon could be more explicable than this sterility. Catholic France is becoming less and less Christian. Certainly the external forms of religion remain, but the vessel of election is daily voiding itself of its spiritual and moral content. To such an extent is this the case that with many of our people there survives little more than a habit of forms and ceremonies of which they no longer know the inner significance or experience the fruitfulness. Can one be astonished if the phantom of religion continues to be ineffective? It is our business first of all to heal ourselves of our own disease. It is clearly demonstrated that we must seek primarily in ourselves the symptoms of social decadence which so many Pharisees, for ever smiting the breasts of others, take a melancholy pleasure in lamenting, without ever having the humility to lay the blame on themselves. . . .

If Christianity is to survive in France it must cut itself off from all the parties of reaction, from intellectual no less than from political and social reaction. The critical spirit has penetrated every domain. Nothing can stop its progress. The better way is to accommodate ourselves to it and to make use only of scientific methods. For us every demonstrated truth will be a real truth.

M. Sabatier anticipates great and saving results from his country when France begins to recognise as the witnesses for her ancient faith men of intellectual honesty and religious life; loving and loyal children of the past, but not its slaves. It may be that dark and evil days are at hand for those distinguished Roman Catholics who desire to bring the teaching of their Church into harmony with the ascertained truths of science. Though some of them may suffer, they are all animated by the "sure and certain hope" of the ultimate and not far distant triumph of their cause.

"HURLING TIME"

The Great Revolt of 1381. By CHARLES OMAN, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. net.)

It has generally been recognised that Wat Tyler's "Hurling Time" forms a landmark in the history of the English peasant. The late Professor Thorold Rogers held that it put an end, practically speaking, to the old manorial system. Professor Oman, with the aid of the documents collected by the late André Réville, has set out to controvert this view. He has succeeded at least in showing that Professor Thorold Rogers drew too broad a generalisation. "Conditions varied from manor to manor, and from county to county, and the action of the lords was dependent on the particular case before them." Mr. Oman's case rests on the proof that there were many different causes for the rebellion. Hitherto it has been associated with the growth of sheep-farming, which, of course, rendered the old style of cultivation inconvenient. That has been the view of our agricultural writers, but, as far as we can see, Mr. Oman has not devoted much attention to that side of the question. He dismisses as not much more than an accident the collection of the poll-tax. No doubt it was unpopular, but the story that Wat Tyler struck down a collector who had insulted his daughter seems to be little more than one of those myths which popular fancy very often attaches to history. Wat Tyler himself, as far as we can learn, was one of the strong and turbulent figures that must have been common in England after a prolonged period of war. He was accused of being a highwayman, and in all probability this was true enough. That he had some knowledge of the organisation of warfare

is quite evident, and we can very easily imagine what Shakespeare would have made of the famous scene between him and King Richard II. In fact, a transposition of names is all that is required to fit into his mouth the words that Shakespeare gives to Jack Cade. Mr. Oman draws a vigorous picture of the insurgent leader on the Friday night before the meeting at Smithfield, boasting in his loud and vainglorious manner that he would go wherever he listed at the head of twenty thousand men, that he would "shave the beards" (a euphemism for cutting off the heads) of all who dared to oppose him, vowing, that in the course of four days there should be no laws in England save those which proceeded from his own mouth, and probably adding that "the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass." When Richard replied to the representations made that he would grant all he could "saving the regalities of his crown," the demagogue took his words as a refusal. He called for a flagon of beer, which he tossed off at a draught, made a long harangue, and clambered on his horse. At this moment a Kentish retainer who was riding behind the king declared that he recognised in Wat Tyler a notorious thief and highwayman, upon which Wat, "wagging his head at him in his malice," bade him come out from among the others. On his refusal, the rebel unsheathed his dagger and pushing in among the royal retinue evidently meant to stab him from whom the taunt came. Walworth, the Mayor, intervened and received the dagger in his stomach, but fortunately for himself he wore a coat of mail and took no harm. In return he whipped out his cutlass and struck Tyler so that he fell on his horse's neck, and, immediately after, one of the king's followers ran him twice through the body with a sword. Tyler cried: "Treason!" and then, mortally wounded, fell from his horse and great confusion arose. It was then that Richard made the royal speech which has been so variously reported. The version given by Mr. Oman is as follows:

Sirs, will you shoot your King? I will be your chief and captain, you shall have from me that which you seek. Only follow me into the fields without.

Mr. Oman does not consider it to be accurate because, in point of fact, the king could have had little time for anything but a hurried ejaculation. But it sufficed, and the rebellion in Kent was quelled. That the fires of it still burned on the Eastern coast and even as far as the Northern counties and broke out sporadically in various counties seems to show that a very wide conspiracy was on foot. One of the objects at which the insurgents aimed was evidently the destruction of legal documents. These were times wherein lawyers were hated. The Church, too, came in for a certain amount of trouble. Those who held Abbey lands had shown great harshness and arrogance, ruling the serfs and villeins with a rod of iron. There is nothing more interesting in the book than the careful account of the rising at St. Albans. The abbot at the time was Thomas de la Mare, "a hard-handed and litigious priest much hated by his vassals." Rude expression was given to this dislike.

The whole of the townsfolk set to work to make an end of the outward and visible signs of the abbot's seigniorial authority over them. They drained his fish-pond, broke down the hedges of his preserves, killed his game, and cut up and divided among themselves certain plots of his domain-ground. They hung a rabbit at the end of a pole on the town pillory, as a token that the game-laws were abolished. But it was not only rabbits that were killed that day: the mob entered the abbot's prison, and held a sort of informal session on its inmates. They acquitted and dismissed all the captives save one, a notorious malefactor, whom they condemned and executed, fixing up his head alongside of the dead rabbit.

Mr. Oman is careful to point out that the *animus* against the Church was not theological in its character. If clerical landlords were attacked, it was because they were landlords, not because they were clerics; and if

large numbers of poor parsons appear among the reformers, it was because of their personal discontent, not because of their religious opinions. There was very little church-breaking or other sacrilege performed during the rebellion. The various classes connected with the movement may be seen from the following:

In Norfolk and Suffolk we find not only, as has been already pointed out, an extraordinary number of priests among the organizers of the troubles, but also a fair sprinkling of men drawn from the governing classes. Two local squires were deeply implicated in the disturbances at Bury, a knight, bearing the honoured name of Roger Bacon, directed the sack of Yarmouth, another, Sir Thomas Cornerd, is recorded as having gone about levying blackmail at the head of a band. In addition, members of well-known county families of Norfolk and Suffolk, such as Richard and John Talmache, James Bedingfield, Thomas de Menchensey, Thomas Gissing, William Lacy, are found taking an active part in deeds of murder and pillage.

At that time there was a submerged tenth just as there is to-day. Mr. Oman calls them "hangers-on to the skirts of trade." There was also as great a dislike to foreigners then as there is now, only the dislike was directed against a richer class. It was believed that the Jews were secretly exporting all the gold and silver. The Flemings and Zeelanders who had come to Norfolk were also the object of attack.

Every journeyman or casually employed labourer in the wide branches of the wool trade who chanced to be out of work, put the blame of his privations on the outlander, whose competition had straitened the demand for native hands. Hence came the sudden fury displayed against the Flemings. It was, no doubt, partly inspired by unreasoning dislike for all strangers, but mainly rested on the economic fallacies that are always rife in an uneducated class living on the edge of starvation.

Mr. Oman has written his account without prejudice and its value, we imagine, lies less in any thesis it may be thought to establish, than in the picture it gives of England in 1381. We find, then as always, a portion of humanity actuated by many different and conflicting motives, classes really aggrieved and classes that thought they were aggrieved, the whole striving and struggling towards that civilisation which seemed to march so slowly in those times. The historian establishes the fact that the rebellion was not immediately fatal to the manorial system, but it sowed the seeds of changes that were gradually to transform English husbandry.

OUR BUFFER STATE

Afghanistan. By ANGUS HAMILTON. (Heinemann, 25s. net.)

It is extraordinary how few adequate books there are on the subject of a state so important to Great Britain as Afghanistan. Mr. Hamilton's book, therefore, which is a mine of information on everything, from politics to botany, will be welcomed. The author visited Central Asia on his return from the war in Manchuria, and wandered about collecting information until his travels were cut short by an attack of small-pox, contracted from the natives in the region of the Pamirs. Mr. Hamilton's book on Korea will be remembered by all who are interested in the Far East, and they will be glad to find from the present work that his illness has not affected his powers of description and observation.

The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, but is in no sense a book to be read in an arm-chair: it is full of statistics and facts, not easily obtained. It is not, and does not pretend to be, entertaining, like Dr. Gray's "My residence at the Court of the Amir," and it is, moreover, of great weight avoirdupois. If the author has erred at all, he has erred in not restricting himself to his subject; but Afghanistan cannot be considered by itself, and we are ready for that reason to forgive him, if not, also, because we are always glad to read of such romantic places as Bokhara and Samarkand. Most of us have a desire, which for financial reasons will never be gratified, to visit those places, and Mr. Hamilton only increases that wish.

Listen to the traveller, how he tempts the readers into breaking the tenth commandment:

There is, indeed, a very special type found in the bazaars of Bokhara and Samarkand. Dressed in the choicest of silks, so soft that it suggests the rustle of the wind through the peach trees and dyed in tones of yellow, green, and brown, in shades of magenta and purple, in a note of blue reflecting the sky or touched with the blush of a red rose, are men of fine stature. They move with their long-skirted gowns clasped at the waist and their silken trousers tucked into brown, untanned boots, the seams of which are delicately embroidered. Every individual reserves to himself a most exclusive manner, representing the embodiment of dignity.

Later, his photographs and descriptions of scenes in Kabul and Kandahar only make us more envious, although it is not from the globe-trotter's point of view that the book is most interesting.

It may be doubted whether the great struggle on the frontier will be witnessed by the present generation, but doubts cannot diminish the importance of the problem or of Mr. Hamilton's warnings. There is one phase of the situation in Central Asia which is too constantly ignored in England, a phase which is brought out very distinctly in this book. It has been stated by some that, as the result of the recent war, the Mahomedan attitude towards Russian rule in Mid-Asia has been changed; and very closely connected with this theory is the comfortable conceit which "inspires Anglo-Indians to regard British administration of native races as heaven-born." It is not a pleasant subject at the present time, but the time is all the more reasonable for a reminder that the Russians are no less careful of the several peoples that find refuge under their rule than are our own authorities. Mr. Hamilton gives, in addition to a general survey of the country, a clear and adequate account of Anglo-Afghan relations. The various recent negotiations and missions are well explained, and, in spite of the record of many blunders and rebuffs, they are very interesting. Oriental language always casts an air of comedy over the most serious matters, and makes English seem, after all, a barren tongue. The documents from the "exalted British Parliament" are poor reading compared with the effusions of the Amir and his late father, "who has found mercy, may God enlighten his tomb!" and we commend the following story to certain of our rulers who are too humanitarian in their ideas. A letter from the Russian government had been read at a durbar, and the Amir asked for opinions about it, whereupon one Ali Yar Khan remarked: "Let this Turki dog who carries messages for infidels be beaten on the head with shoes till his hair falls off. That ought to be our answer to the Russians." The tale illustrates the methods of the very old school of diplomacy: the sequel is a curious example of the mixture of the old and the new schools. The Amir, greatly displeased at the remark, observed that, if there were any shoe-beating, it would be upon him who suggested the maltreatment of the messenger. Subsequently fifty rupees were given to the Russian courier.

FANCY AND FACT

Mendicant Rhymes. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (The Essex House Press.)

It is a pleasure to handle and to read this book, because it is printed and produced by the Essex House Press—a slim quarto with a white vellum back, printed in the elaborate ornamental type, very thick and black and handsome, which seems to give dignity to anything that appears in it. It is not an easy type to read; there are too many tails and twirls and flourishes for that; but each letter in itself is a thing of some beauty, and the whole effect of it on the page is impressive. We notice, by the way, a curious misprint on p. 10, where we have *ronnd*, for *round*; curious because one of the good points about the Essex House Press type is that its *n* is not, as with the ordinary fount, almost exactly an *n* turned upside

down, and so the mistake is not as easily made and passed over as in other cases. We have heard a rumour that this Press means to give up work—a rumour which we wish may be unfounded since it holds its own position among the modern producers of artistic printing.

But to the poems. Mr. Housman is an artist in words as his printers are in letters:

And swift, and swift, from dale to hill,
Now hidden close, now clear to view,
On drives and strives the chace, and still
The huntress heart goes too;

There is no denying the verbal accomplishment of such a stanza, nor, again, of such verses as this:

There has been singing to-day
In the fall of the leaves;
Under a sky grown grey
For an earth that grieves;
Here where the autumn falls
Like a weary thing,
The voice of the bird as it calls
Is the voice of spring!

Continually throughout the book we find words cleverly and sympathetically used, as by one who loves them, to do more than to express a mood; to represent it—to convey by their very sound and relation the feeling that filled the poet's mind when he conceived the poems. This is something more, of course, than the mere onomatopoeic arrangement of metre and rhythm; it is of the essence of poetry; and the name of poet cannot be denied to Mr. Housman when he writes such verses as we have quoted, or this poem called "1685":

Over the hill as I came down,
Across the flats where the peewits cry
I heard the drums through all the town
Beat for the men that were to die.

Oh, blithely up the eastern street
Looked in with me the morning sun,
Up to the market-square where feet
Went marching all like one.

And dark against the high town-hall
The shadow of the shambles fell;
And clear beneath its gilded ball
The town clock tolled their knell.

Came murmurs of the distant farms,
But from the townsfolk not a cry,
Though wives with babes upon their arms
Stared, and stood waiting by!

Oh, oft I come and oft I go,
And see those roofs against the sky:—
But not the place I used to know
Where simple hearts beat high.

Now like a wreck each homestead looks,
While on it sunlight falls in flood:
And all the peewits by the brooks
Are crying out of wasted blood!

It is a strange thing that a poet who can use words so, can also use them so feebly as Mr. Housman sometimes permits himself to do.

Nothing is wrong to the eye,
Nothing is wrong to the ear . . .
Heaven was aware of his worth.

These are three lines from one poem, and all three bad even judged by the only standard we have yet applied to Mr. Housman's work. And as for

Carriest destruction of domestic rest,

(said of the cuckoo) it is the worst line we have seen for some time.

The management of words is not the whole of poetry: dainty presentation of moods, even when the language is perfect, leaves a man, after all, but a very "minor" poet, if he has nothing more to tell us. To say that is not to ask for didactic poetry, poetry with a message, a philosophy, a "purpose"; it is to ask for the expression through poetry of a mental force which impresses, whether the poet intended to announce a doctrine or merely to record a mood.

The most exquisite poem leaves the reader cold unless the poet felt deeply or thought strenuously on the content. And, delicate and charming as are many of Mr. Housman's lyrics in this volume, they continue to convey the impression that they are merely fancies, half-realised and half-mastered thoughts and emotions, lacking strength and vividness. In other words, we are not persuaded of the conviction of the author. Here are some lines from a poem on gypsies:

Ah, give to me the sturdy soul
Which ten commandments can't control!
Which tracks, whatever man may say,
Its old primeval right of way,
Unpricked by conscience as by awe,
Through prohibitions of the law:
So to the whole world spreads a snare
And takes pot-luck of stream and air.
With never a dull day nor a doubt,
With fingers skilled to tickle trout,
With tongue to ply the trapper's trade,
And wit to cozen man and maid;
Which, proud, goes quit of foolish shame;
Loves freedom, but will, all the same,
Risk liberty to play the game;
And, where walls hold, and gates are barred
Does cheerfully its "three months hard."

Though not perfect, and marred by one fault of taste, that has its charm; but does Mr. Housman mean it? If he meant it, would he have expressed it like that? And would a poet who "really" meant it, have been able to write certain of the poems in this volume: "Easter Dawn," for instance, or "Knapton Church Roof," or, especially, "Pax Britannica"? We believe not; and it is that suspicion of incomplete sincerity, of readiness to accept a fancy for a thought or an emotion, of the poet's striving to appear other than he is and contradicting himself in the attempt, that sends us disappointed away from a book that is, in many respects, delightful.

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE

Lectures on the Method of Science. Edited by T. B. STRONG,
Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. (Oxford: Clarendon
Press, 7s. 6d.)

FEW persons realise at all adequately the importance to human progress of the death of the individual human. Yet, much as each generation of men can and does convey of instruction to its successor, the gain secured to humanity by its deliverance from the weight of prescription, tradition and chilling monition vastly outweighs any loss of further patriarchal advice. It is to be regretted that no means has yet been discovered for the extinction of outworn reputations. Schools, Colleges, Universities—business firms and professional men—are constantly endued with a fame, fair or evil, that is antiquated and untrue. The facile railer against the public schools of England and her ancient Universities, is invariably either an ancient *alumnus* unacquainted with the truth of to-day or a callow student who has not yet travelled outside his own departmental interests.

To distribute knowledge, to stimulate intellectual life, by personal association to excite interest and correlate separate studies, was the glory of Paris and Padua, Oxford and Cambridge in a former age. And those who know Oxford and Cambridge as they really are to-day know that these ends are still fulfilled, perhaps better than ever. How the work is done may be gathered from the volume before us. Here are brought together a number of lectures given during the summer meeting last year of Oxford University Extension students. They supply a valuable foundation on which to raise a substantial structure of modern knowledge, and any readers, who will, can thus orientate their thoughts in accordance with the educated opinion of to-day.

For this purpose, perhaps, the two lectures by the President of Corpus and by Professor Gotch are the most important. Professor Case analyses the various methods

by which man reasons. He makes it clear that, if Bacon first put plainly before men the advantages of the empirical method, yet men had followed that method long before. He shows that the scientific method is not of one type, but includes, besides four distinguishable kinds of reasoning, a mixed method combining these kinds variously. He adds a much needed criticism of the fashionable doubt that truth cannot be known because we cannot compare the known and unknown together. Professor Gotch, in a lecture that will probably find a readier reception, traces the inevitable characteristics of scientific method by discussing the adverse criticisms that have been levelled at it, e.g., the freedom of its thought and its sceptical character, its recognition of reason as the only ultimate authority, its investigation of narrow details, its inferences from the known to the unknown, its use of the imagination. Much curious and entertaining information illustrates these topics. Examples are given of the vulgar errors about natural phenomena which the Royal Society had at first to investigate, and one may be here cited. It was believed:

that the elephant hath no joints, wherefore being unable to lie down he sleepeth against a tree, which the hunters observing do saw almost asunder, whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree falls down itself and is able to rise no more.

Our Professor is not only amusing here but suggestive. We are led to reflect how earlier generations can have formulated such strange beliefs, to observe what a multitude of such notions have, unexamined, been consigned to the limbo of forgotten curiosities, and to wonder whether any truth has thus been thrown away. Astrology, for instance, has never been refuted: it has been rejected by most thinking minds; but the example of the late Dr. Richard Garnett raises the doubt whether this rejection is not really a credulity.

Another reflection, suggested by this lecture and two others—by Mr. W. McDougall on Psycho-Physical Method and by the Linacre Professor on Inheritance in Animals and Plants—is that the mere recording of facts, especially of cognate facts, may be a valuable work, if not immediately, yet to later workers. The strenuous man of practical life who despises "useless learning," is an infanticide: it is impossible to pronounce beforehand that any study may not be the means of achieving the next conquest of Nature. The discovery of argon came from the reinterpretation of a long observed variation in the weight of nitrogen: French engineers have been before us in improving their lighthouses with the help of "useless" investigations by the exactest methods into the action-time of stimulus upon visual sensation. If those with leisure could be persuaded to work at the collection of facts in any one of a hundred fields which our Universities could suggest to them, if our busy workers could devote their leisure hours to such collection, life would be richer to them and more enjoyable, and England would soon distance her competitors in every department of knowledge and commerce.

Professor Gotch observes that "even in the present day it is astonishing how many current beliefs exist in regard to natural phenomena which have little or no foundation in fact," adding that "instances of such vulgar errors are familiar to us all." It is certainly surprising to find how persistent is the belief that sunlight extinguishes a fire: less common, but not unknown, is the belief that lamp-light has the same power. When the Professor discusses why Sir William Temple argued so bitterly and blindly against Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood, he indicates faults of temper and reasoning dangerously prevalent to-day both in religious matters and in political. He quotes again Tyndall's remark on the opposition of many clergymen to science:

The leaning towards belief in scientific truth is probably as strong in them as in other men, only the resistance to the bent is stronger; they do not lack the positive element, the love of truth, but the negative element, the fear of error predominates

He rightly declares that this is "a familiar form of skirting personal intellectual responsibility." Here the Dean of Christ Church intervenes in a lecture on Scientific Method as applied to History to point the moral. He tears to tatters the agnostic criticism so often solemnly enunciated that "what could not be proved in the law-courts is probably unsound historically." He points out what is evident on reflection to every one that history, unlike the physical sciences, deals with facts, each of which is unique, not potentially independent of particular time and place. He shows how necessary for the historic judgment is the fullest knowledge of the environment in which each fact occurs, and distinguishes belief from acquiescence in a historical statement. In his peroration he insists that we must "make our venture," however true it may be that we shall make mistakes, and declares:

on the whole it is probably true that men do not, except for motives which are more or less calculable or transparent, aim at deceiving their fellows. And if you ask why we should believe any statement which we cannot verify, it appears to me that you must fall back on this fact . . . another form of the solidarity of mankind. . . . On the whole the race has an instinct for, as well as an interest in, truth, which we can trust, not credulously or irrationally, but reasonably and carefully.

One difficulty which often presents itself to immature thinkers is passed over by all the lecturers, although Professor Gotch in one passage develops an argument which is likely to suggest the difficulty. We have mentioned how he refers to Sir William Temple's attack on Harvey. As a final argument Temple gave that the "sense" of mankind was against the theory that blood circulated through the body. Our Professor analyses this appeal, and finds rightly that it implies "a general consensus of opinion based upon either the current belief of the majority of mankind or upon apparently uniform sensory experience." Following Joseph Glanville, he then shows how misleading sensory experience often is, and how "even its uniformity does not warrant its being the foundation for general statements as to natural phenomena." The untrained student often wonders why if this is sound—and that it is sound we may regard as axiomatic—the uniform experience of men that they have an "ego," and free will, is more to be relied on. "*Non omnia possumus omnes*," especially in a short lecture: but it would have been useful if even a footnote had explained that in the study of natural phenomena the disagreement is between the senses assisted or unassisted by mechanical appliances and the reflective reason: in metaphysics the senses, whether so assisted or not, can have no final voice.

A lecture on the Evolution of Currency and Coinage may be commended to beginners in the study of bimetallicism, and another on Inheritance in Animals and Plants is of interest for the remarkable analogy it is able to exhibit between the relations of father and child and those of a first and second throw with dice. But perhaps the most astonishing discovery for those who can follow its achievement is that of the elements of the Double Star β Lyrae by Myers in 1898. Dr. Fison not only tells this story, but presents us with the current theories on the origin of the solar system and of the Moon.

Professor Flinders Petrie lectures on Archaeological Evidence, and, although in the enthusiasm of his study he speaks somewhat roundly so that Dean Strong finds it desirable to append a caveat, yet he says much that is useful and, to those who are not experts, novel. He does not display the philosophic temper of the Dean, however, and his style does not boggle at "dependable" and other innovations. Except for this, the reader will find pleasure and profit in the whole volume. One more quotation may conclude this notice. Professor Gotch in emphasising the importance of imagination to the scientific student resorts appropriately enough to a graceful and striking image. "Imagination," he says, "is the rider on the white horse; there is given unto him a crown, and he rides forth conquering and to conquer."

AFTERWARDS

How often, dearest, have we trod
The ways of this green earth together,
Taking them for the ways of God
Which change not with the time and weather;
But change comes not to us alone:
The high woods fade with sadder meaning,
Pathetic grows the vivid tone
Of spring's quick uplands heavenward leaning.

Since I, companionless, have fared
Where hill-crest lured, or white road beckon'd,
The ampler prospect, now unshared,
Gave pause for which I had not reckon'd:
Earth's verdurous disc in heaven's embrace—
The calm survey of faëry distance
Responsive to an absent face,
On dual pathos made insistence.

No more the siren brook detains,
With meadowy lilt, my feet to linger:
Through memory-haunted paths and lanes
I follow memory's ghostly finger,
Nor halt where pathless downs divide
The dales of dusk from sunset heather.
God's morrow, maybe, side by side
Again, we'll pace the ways together.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

MR. BENSON'S PATER

IN no other country has mediocrity such a chance as in England. The second-rate writer, the second-rate painter meet with an almost universal and immediate recognition, and when good mediocrities die, if they do not go straight to heaven (from a country where the existence of Purgatory is denied by Act of Parliament), at least they run a very fair chance of burial in Westminster Abbey. *De mortuis nil nisi bonus*, in the shape of royalties, is the real test by which we estimate the authors who have just passed away. A few of our great writers—Ruskin and Tennyson for example—have enjoyed the applause accorded to senility by a people usually timid of brilliancy and strength, when it is contemporary, because the ruins of mental faculties touch our imagination, owing perhaps to that tenderness for antiquity which has preserved for us the remains of Tintern Abbey. Seldom, however, does a great writer live to find himself in the prime of his literary existence a component part of English literature. Yet there are happy exceptions, and not the least of these was Walter Pater.

His inclusion in the English Men of Letters series, so soon after his death, has somewhat dazzled the reviewers. Mr. Benson has been complimented on a daring, which, if grudgingly endorsed, is treated as just the sort of innovation you would expect from the brother of the author of "Dodo." "To a small soul the age which has borne it can appear only an age of small souls," says Mr. Swinburne, and the presence of Pater, which rose so strangely beside our waters, seemed to many of his contemporaries only the last sob of a literature which they sincerely believed had come to an end with Lord Macaulay.

It was a fortunate chance by which Mr. A. C. Benson, one of our more discerning critics, himself master of no mean style, should have been chosen as commentator of Pater. Among the Plutarchocracy of the present day a not very pretty habit prevails of holding a sort of inquest on deceased writers—a reaction against misplaced eulogy—tearing them and their works to pieces and leaving nothing for reviewers or posterity to dissipate. From the author of the "Upton Letters" we expect sympathy and critical acumen, and it is needless to say we are never disappointed. The book

itself is not merely about a literary man: it is a work of literature itself. So it is charming to disagree with Mr. Benson sometimes and a triumph to find him tripping. You experience the pleasure of the University Extension Lecturer pointing out the mistakes in Shakespeare's geography, the joy of the schoolboy when the master has made a false quantity. In marking the modern discoveries which have shattered, not the value of Pater's criticism, but the authenticity of pictures round which he wove his aureoles of prose, Mr. Benson says: "In the essay on Botticelli he is on firmer ground." But among the first masterpieces winged by the sportsmen of the new criticism was the Hamilton Palace Assumption of the Virgin (now proved to be by *Botticini*) to which Pater makes one of his elusive and delightful allusions; while "The School of Giorgione," which Mr. Benson thinks a little *passé* in the light of modern research, is now in the movement. The latest bulletins of Giorgione, Pater would have been delighted to hear, are highly satisfactory. Pictures once torn from the altars of authenticity are being reinstated under the acolytage of Mr. Herbert Cook. A curious and perhaps wilful error, too, has escaped Mr. Benson's notice. Referring to the tomb of Cardinal Jacopo at San Miniato, Pater says, "insignis formâ fui—his epitaph dares to say." The inscription reads *fuit*. But perhaps the *t* was added by the Italian Government out of deference to the English residents in Florence and the word read *fui* in 1871. *Troja fuit* might be written all over Florence.

Then some of the architecture at Vezelay "typical of Cluniac sculpture" is pure Viollet-le-Duc. I am assured by a competent authority. A more serious error, for it is an adjective not a fact, occurs in "Apollo in Picardy"—"rebellious masses of black hair." This is the only instance in the *parfait prosateur*, as Bourge called him, of a *cliché* worthy of Rita. Then it is possible to differ from Mr. Benson in his criticism of the "Imaginary Portraits" (the four fair ovals in one volume), surely Pater's most exquisite achievement after the "Renaissance." "Gaston" is the failure Pater thought it was, and "Emerald Uthwart" is frankly very silly, though Mr. Benson has a curious tenderness for it. One sentence he abandons as absolute folly. The grave psychological error in the story occurs where the surgeon expresses compunction at making the autopsy on Uthwart because of his perfect anatomy. Surely this would have been a source of technical pleasure and interest to a surgeon, much as a butterfly collector is pleased when he has murdered an unusually fine species of lepidoptera. Speaking myself as a vivisector of some experience, I can confidently affirm that a well-bred golden colley is far more interesting to operate upon than a mongrel sheep dog. Nor can I comprehend Mr. Benson's blame of Denys l'Auxerrois as too extravagant and even unwholesome, when the last quality, so obvious in Uthwart, he seems to condone.

Again, "Marius the Epicurean" is a failure by Pater's own high standard: you would have imagined it seemed so to Mr. Benson. Dulness is by no means its least fault. In scheme it is not unlike "John Inglesant"; but how lifeless are the characters compared with those of Shorthouse! Both books deal with philosophic ideas and sensations; the incidents are merely illustrative, and there is hardly a pretence of sequence. In the historical panorama which moves behind Inglesant, there are at least "tactile" values, and seventeenth-century England is conjured up in a wonderful way, how accurately I do not know. In "Marius" the background is merely a backcloth for mental *poses plastiques*. You wonder, not how still the performers are, but why they do not move at all. Marcus Aurelius, the delightful Lucian, even Flavian, and the rest, are busts from the Capitoline and Naples museums. Their bodies are make-believe, or straw from the loft at White Nights. Cornelius, Mr. Benson sorrowfully admits, is a Christian prig, but Marius is only a pagan chip from the same block. John

Inglesant is a prig too; but there is blood in his veins, and you get, at all events, a Vandyke, not a plaster cast. The magnificent passages of prose which vest this image make it resemble the *ex voto* madonnas of continental churches—a shrine in literature but not a lighthouse.

I sometimes wonder what Pater would have become had he been a Cambridge man, and if the more strenuous University might have forced him into greater sympathy with modernity; or if he had been born in America, as he nearly was, and Harvard was to have acted as the benign stepmother of his days. Such speculations are not beyond all conjecture, as Sir Thomas Browne said. I think he would have been exactly the same. Oxford, I always maintain, is a condition not a place, and Pater is taken rightly as a type of all that is best in the gracious city, whispering for us the last enchantment of the middle age, far more even than its towers, at which Matthew Arnold, intellectually always in Cambridge, mocked in very reverence.

On the occasion of Pater's lecture on Prosper Mérimée, his friends gathered round the platform to congratulate him; he expressed a hope that the audience were able to hear what he said. "We overheard you," said Mr. Oscar Wilde. "Ah, you have a phrase for everything," replied the lecturer, whom the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan* declared with pathetic inaccuracy was the only contemporary who had ever influenced him. How admirable both of the criticisms! Pater is an aside in literature, and that is why he was sometimes overlooked, and may be so again in ages to come. Though he is the greatest master of style the century produced, he can never be regarded as part of the structure of English prose. He is rather one of the ornaments, which often last long after the structure has perished. His place will be shifted, as fashions change; like some exquisite piece of eighteenth-century furniture perchance he may be forgotten in the attics of literature awhile, only to be rediscovered. And as Fuseli said of Blake: "He will be damned good to steal from." If he uses words as though they were pigments and sentences like vestments at the Mass, it is not only the ritualistic cadence of his harmonies which makes his works imperishable, but the ideas which they symbolise as well. Pater thinks beautifully always; about things which some people do not think altogether beautiful, perhaps, and sometimes he thinks aloud. We overhear him and feel almost the shame of the eavesdropper.

Mr. Benson has approached Walter Pater, the man, with almost sacerdotal deference. He suggests ingeniously where you can find the self-revelation in "Gaston" and "The Child in the House." This is far more illuminating than the recollections of personal friends whose memoirs are modelled on those of Captain Sumph. Mr. Humphry Ward remembers Pater only once being angry. It was in the Common room. It was with X, an elderly man! The subject of the difference was modern lectures. "Relations between them were afterwards strained." Mr. Arthur Symonds remembers that he intended to bring out a new volume of "Imaginary Portraits." Fancy that! And Mr. Ainslie, that Raymond of Toulouse, has another possible subject. Really, when friends begin to tell stories of that kind, I begin to suspect they are trying to conceal something. Perhaps we have no right to know everything or anything about the amazing personalities of literature. But Henleys and Purcells lurk and leak out even at Oxford, and that is not the way to silence them. Just when the aureole is ready to be fitted on, some horrid graduate (*Litteræ inhumaniores*) inks the statue. Anticipating something of the kind, Mr. Benson is careful to insist on the divergence between Rossetti and Pater, and on page 86 says something which is ludicrously untrue. If self-revelation can be traced in "Gaston," it can be found elsewhere. There are sentences in "Hippolytus veiled," the "Age of the Athletic Prizemen" and "Apollo in Picardy" which not only explode Mr. Benson's statement, but where the objections he urges against Denys l'Auxerrois

might well be substantiated. They are passages where Pater thinks aloud. Rossetti wore the heart on the sleeve, no doubt, Pater up the sleeve; but it slips down occasionally in spite of the alb which drapes the hieratic writer not always discreetly.

ROBERT ROSS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

A FAVOURITE EPITHET OF WORDSWORTH'S

"WORDSWORTH," observed the late Mr. R. H. Hutton in an aphoristic sentence, "drew uncommon delights from very common things." But, more than this, the very word *common* had a charm for him similar to that which an adjective of such sumptuous import as *rich* would possess for a nature like that of Keats. In "The Prelude" and "The Recluse" alone the word occurs some twenty-five times as an adjective, and its cognate verb and noun forms—*commune*, *communion*, *community* and *commonalty*—are not unfrequent. It is to be found repeatedly in his shorter poems, upon which much of his fame depends.

Only in "The Excursion" is it rarely used, where less than half a dozen instances of it are found.

The word *common* is suggestive to many people of a slightly depreciatory sense, which, undoubtedly, it is often intended to convey; but a glance at a good dictionary reveals a term of real etymological interest, expressing many different shades of meaning. Thus, *e.g.*, the Latin origin of the word *cum* and *munis* = *serving* (others) *together* (with oneself) and its opposite *proprius* = what is one's own, can both be illustrated from Wordsworth's poetry:

If the wind do but stir for his proper delight . . .
The common life our Nature breeds.

It is not difficult to see why Wordsworth should have employed the epithet *common* so frequently in "The Prelude." In the building up of the Poet's mind and moral nature, which is the main subject of that poem, the sense of a *community* bore a large part.

There was, first, the dim and undefined sense of a community with Nature, felt in boyhood and more intensely realised in youth and opening manhood; there was the outward embodiment of a primitive *community* in the simple and manly lives led by the Cumbrian dalesmen; and, last, there was the sense of a wider and deeper *community*, embracing whole classes of individual men and nations, of which the initial stages of the French Revolution gave a hope. As regards the shorter poems generally, it may be said that those pieces in which the word occurs lend a special weight of meaning to Wordsworth's expressed view of the true functions of a poet:

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart;
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

The comparison of a large number of passages in which the word occurs shows that it is applied to the mental and moral qualities and attributes of man, and to the various objects summed up in the line:

The outward shows of sky and earth

Though frequently used in the sense of *ordinary*, as, *e.g.*,

This is no common waste, no common gloom,

the context will be found to give it a lustre and a suggestion of hidden meaning that exclude any idea of depreciation, as in the passage from "Hart Leap Well" from which the above is quoted, where poet and untutored shepherd, meeting together on a lone hillside, are united in soul by a gush of sympathy for the wrongs and sufferings of the mute animal kingdom.

This heightening effect of a context is better exhibited in the beautiful lyric, "To a Highland Girl," in which the line:

Though but of common neighbourhood

is made to express the devotion of a spiritual homage to simple and rustic beauty.

What tenderness and simplicity in lines like these!

And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—

from the sunrise scene witnessed during a walk home across the hills in the dawn after a country dance:

Are piety—
her common thoughts

from the impassioned description in the twelfth book of "The Prelude" of Mary Hutchinson, afterwards his wife:

A simple produce of the common day—

from the sublime passage in "The Recluse" describing the result of the wedding of the human intellect and the "goodly universe":

The common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things—

from the passage describing how in his childhood the expressiveness of Nature came home to him in sudden flashes:

Down would he sit; and without strength or power
Look at the common grass from hour to hour—

from the "Stanzas" descriptive of himself and S. T. Coleridge:

The common creature of the brotherhood—

descriptive of the feelings of sympathy which Wordsworth, on first settling in Grasmere, was prepared to show towards the humble dwellers in that Vale. These following lines are interesting from the juxtaposition of the two words *common* and *ordinary*:

Even then the common haunts of the green earth,
And ordinary interests of man,
Which they embosom—

from a passage in "The Prelude" tracing the progress from the love of Nature to the love of Man.

It is needless to remind readers of the mingled pathos and tenderness in that line from the great Ode:

And fade into the light of common day.

Instances might be multiplied; but enough has been said to show how an epithet (which, by the bye, Shakespeare used with effect) takes on "colour, intensity, and variety from the infection of neighbourhood." What Wordsworth in the last book of the "Prelude" calls:

A sense of exquisite regard
For common things—

must have deepened his sense of the expressiveness of the adjective *common*, which accordingly we find him time after time applying to those objects with which, in his view, great and permanent poetry should always deal.

C. FISHER.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Robert Barclay," by Edward Jaffray.]

FICTION

The Queen's Tragedy. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. (Pitman 6s.)

WHATEVER else may be thought of Father Benson's latest historical novel, no one will fail to find it fresh, suggestive and interesting. It keeps one asking: Is this true? Was that wisely done? Which was the right course in those circumstances? Such questionings mean that the book both holds attention, and stimulates the mind. To speak of the fiction, as distinct from the history, is really impossible, for the two are interwoven like warp and woof. So I address myself to the latter at once. Different as the judgments of Protestants and Catholics

have been about Queen Mary, all agree that her reign closed in disappointment. Even before the worst had arrived, Father Benson describes her feelings thus:

Eighteen months ago she had been so happy. The Legate had come with a splendour that promised great things; England, she thought, had been restored to unity; her husband had been with her; the babe had leapt in her womb—the dear babe that was to take up the government, when she laid it down. Now it seemed as if all were a ghastly delusion. The Legate indeed still here, but how powerless. The heart-shaking scene in Westminster Hall was no more than the rehearsing of a play that seemed postponed indefinitely. Her husband had disappeared into silence, and the leap of the child was a thrill of a horrible disease. . . . She had begun by hoping that . . . restoring little by little the old worship, the light of Faith would be re-kindled. And her people had answered by attacking her priests, mocking her religion, and weaving sedition and heresy so inextricably together, that it was impossible to punish the one without glorifying the other.

That is graphically as well as truly and sympathetically put. In Mary we see good intentions and mistaken policy tending to failure, and failing; while on the other side stands Elizabeth, worldly wise and unscrupulous, knowing that she will win, and winning. In conclusion Mary's star sets in gloom, while the courtiers almost to a man, slip away to worship the rising sun. The main interest, therefore, and the chief problems are connected with Mary, but there is also a romantic element. Guy Manton, a Cambridge Master of Arts, is introduced, an unconventional but interesting character, whose development shows us what Father Benson thinks would have been the line taken during those troubles by one "of Catholic character." He is human, of course, and we see in him the degrading effect of the burnings. Having watched them, he becomes, as he himself confesses, "a hard devil." The obsession is admirably described with all the power of psychological and religious analysis in which Father Benson excels. The narrative too, here reaches a high degree of excellence, Manton's fidelity is put to a dramatic test, and he wavers; in the end, however, his better nature conquers. But, as was said before, the true interest of the book lies in pure history. And what of that history? To me it seems that in its main outlines it is unimpeachable. The trials, the successes and failures of the historical characters correspond with what actually took place. For the rest, the author has attained that degree of *vraisemblance*, which is to be expected in a historical novel. As we descend to details, however, we note the points at which differences of opinion will begin to assert themselves. Extremists will, of course, never be fully satisfied. The admirers of Foxe, though they will find some things to their liking, will not find enough. Believers in the inspiration of Nicholas Sander will not relish the way in which Latimer and his *confrères* are praised "for as much as they did wisely." Enthusiasts for Elizabeth, and they are many, will say that her portrait has been too darkly drawn. But for my own part I think that a more notable error is one bearing hardly on Queen Mary. As for Elizabeth, though no one would assert nowadays that she was truthful, yet on the other hand no evidence is forthcoming to prove her such an unblushing hypocrite and traitor to her sister, as she is here represented to have been. This is true, I think; and yet Father Benson does not seem to me to have here exceeded the licence always allowed in a historical novel. For, as soon as he looked beyond Mary's reign, and considered the contrast between Elizabeth's conduct before and after its termination—and perhaps pondered the wording of the coronation oath, which she took in the hands of the old Catholic prelates when she had fully decided on the measures for the overthrow of the old religion—he would feel fully justified in attributing to her as much as he has done of trickery and of faithlessness. But however this may be, I pass to a more important question: Is the Mary Tudor of this novel correctly drawn from life? She is here a "stupid woman," "conscious of her lack of wit and gaiety," "unable to win love and affection," and she is constantly losing herself in dreams. Her "man's voice" and prematurely aged appearance are insisted upon in and out of season. I do not think that this is good portraiture.

It was, perhaps, true of her last days, when the blood-letting and the other barbarities of contemporary leechcraft had brought her down to a shadow of her former self. But this was not the woman who has made her mark on our history. The despatches of the ambassadors, who came into actual contact with her, show that she was active, matter-of-fact, well informed, queenly, and gifted with great insight into the men and matters that came under her notice. It may be regretted that Father Benson's story concerns itself with the gloomy part of her reign exclusively. Even if otherwise faultless, a picture so drawn is bound to be somewhat one-sided. Of course, there are also smaller points, which might be discussed, if space allowed. He seems to me to be too hard upon Philip, too favourable to Pole, and to underestimate Mary's dislike of her half-sister, which so good an authority as a Venetian ambassador has called "hatred." When Elizabeth's life was in the balance, it was saved by Philip's intervention. This would hardly fit in with some of Father Benson's most striking scenes. Whatever may be the objective truth about the points I have criticised, it is clear first that they will not affect the "The Queen's Tragedy," except in details which are non-essential, and secondly, that Father Benson has been so much on his guard against showing too much partiality for his co-religionists, that, when he does err, it is generally to their disadvantage.

J. H. POLLEN, S. J.

Red Records. By ALICE PERRIN. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MRS. PERRIN knows well how to tell a gruesome story, and all the stories in this book are tales of horror. "In this world the strongest of all things is fate" is a proverb of Hindustan which has been aptly taken as the book's motto, and is in absolute accord with the whole book's tenour. Fate is the power, pitiless and relentless, which holds men in its grip, struggling little or long till they are dead and dust. What of the power that makes the birds sing and the sun shine; what of the power that is at times in ourselves to recognise and respond to the beauty? Fate is the easiest solution of the eternal problem, and for that reason the least satisfactory. And it is because the idea of Fate is so insistent in these stories that, somehow, they lose much of their horror and their strength: they are deprived of vitality by it, in the same way as a man is robbed of vitality by the predominance of the Fate-theory in any form; and vitality is the finest thing a man or a piece of work can possess. But the stories are all (with the exception of "The Musk Pod") of a high standard, for Mrs. Perrin, as was apparent in her "East of Suez," has the power of vivid description in an unusual degree and has mastered the technique of a short story. Those that deal directly with the natives of India are much the best: it is necessary to go to Kipling to find better work of that kind than "The Evil Eye."

Where Two Worlds Met. By SYDNEY PHELPS and BRIDEY M. O'REILLY. (Griffiths, 6s.)

THE exchange of souls is an ambitious theme for a novelist. Théophile Gautier has shown how the subject may be treated in the form of a short story, but the authors of "Where Two Worlds Met" have boldly adopted it as the main-spring of a romance of some two hundred and fifty pages. In the case of Gautier, the love-sick youth is made to exchange his outward appearance for that of the husband of the woman he loves: in the present instance, the unscrupulous lover, Lysaght, by dint of a strong will and an unholy knowledge of black magic, transposes the soul of the girl, Nualla, into his own body and himself returns to the bosom of her family in the outward semblance of his victim. Of Nualla's experiences on the border-line between two worlds we are given a vivid picture, and the description of the marvellous vision vouchsafed her of her tormentor's sufferings and eventual repentance, through which she is enabled to re-enter her own body and complete her life on earth, is a

fine piece of writing. The whole tale is weird and uncanny in the extreme. The scene is laid in Devon; not the Devon of romance, that kindly land of cakes and ale, but a country of silent pools and dark, dreary moorlands, where terrible heathen rites are performed by the light of the moon, and where grim spirits of evil reign supreme. The description of the powers that assist at the *séances* of Miss Tryphosa, an elderly dabbler in spiritualism, is enough to inspire a wholesome terror of that erratic instrument, planchette. We learn that it is controlled by "horrid little elementals," who fight wildly for the pencil, and who "are like nothing so much as a group of monkeys quarrelling over some prize"; and that the message purporting to come from the spirit of a blameless young man is, in reality, the invention of "a mass of shapeless red, from which looms the head of a particularly repulsive kind of puppy." There are some amusing old Devonshire worthies in the book, notably a certain Old Nance and her sworn foe, Mary Pierce. Their efforts to counteract each other's white magic, and their reconciliation, after a feud of sixty years standing, are well and sympathetically described. We understand that the book has received the Apostolic blessing of the Pope.

Latter Day Sweethearts. By MRS. BURTON HARRISON. (Unwin, 6s.)

MRS. HARRISON tells the story of two daughters of millionaires, from New York, and from Alabama, and their entangled love-affairs, and it is difficult to decide which is the more charming example of American girlhood. From the first day on board the *Baltic*, when the radiant Pamela Winstanley becomes the absorbing topic of conversation, and Helen Carstairs arouses the admiration of the discriminating few, the bright, clever story steadily advances in interest. It is not that the author has anything new to tell of love and lovers; many another novel has followed closely upon these lines, begun and ended in a visit to Europe; but the point of view is fresh, and the people are, with few exceptions, unusually agreeable acquaintance. A change in the ordinary type of millionaire will be welcomed; the attitude of nearly every one towards wealth as a desirable and convenient possession and nothing more strikes a pleasant note. Love is the cause and the cure of all the evils endured by these "latter day sweethearts," who, however, belong in sentiment quite as much to the day of Jacob and Rachel: even the impecunious English peer, the New York man of business and the practical French novelist are uninfluenced in their wooing by the dollars that would gild success. Mrs. Harrison has given proofs elsewhere of her deftness in the handling of moods and emotions, generally by elusive touches, by faint hints and suggestions, that sometimes impose too close a strain upon the attention of the reader for mere amusement. Here she is in holiday humour, less analytical, but not less skilful: her characters, natural to start with, are developed and modified by the force of circumstances in almost imperceptible degrees; yet essentially they never change, and never disappoint the reader, who parts from them with regret.

FINE ART

THE NEW DUDLEY GALLERY—THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

FEW painters of eminence have in recent years been attracted by the views of the high Alps and the Tyrol. The sharpness of the detail caused by the intense light, the brilliancy of the colour, which, when literally rendered, appears garish, have made moderns shy of the attempt. William Stott made some fine pastels, but I believe most of them were night effects which subordinate the details and allow of treatment in mass without much conscious simplification.

M. Simon Bussy, it is true, has occasionally been drawn to the decorative beauties of groups of pines against the intense gloom of green grass, and it is with his work that M. Augustin Rey has most in common among Western painters. But M. Bussy takes his subjects in a small area of vision and appropriately treats them on a small scale, whereas M. Rey delights in vast panoramas and treats them on a scale that is vast for water-colour. Such a description prepares one for the abominable chromolithographic style of fifty years ago, and M. Rey avoids this by the most consummate art and the most rigid selection. It is surprising to read in the preface to the catalogue of his exhibition at the New Dudley Gallery that the pictures were executed from beginning to end from nature, as every stroke would appear to have arrived as the quintessence of many studies and struggles. The Japanese artists are constantly called to mind, and it is notorious that the Japanese never painted their pictures from nature. It is, therefore, a *tour de force* on M. Rey's part to have maintained the simple scheme of flat tones and not to have allowed himself to be drawn aside by the accident of the moment. His use of black in the foliage of pines is wonderfully bold and skilful, as seen in *The Great Shreckhorn and the Finsteraarhorn*; *Sunset*, and *Lake of Chaonne and Chamossaire, near Villars*. *Grindelwald and the Wetterhorn (Winter)* is a grand scheme in cool greys and greens. This kind of art is apt to irritate from the very fact of its obvious learning and its eclectic spirit, and M. Rey is to be congratulated on his success in not giving any cause for irritation.

The collection of seascapes by Eugène Boudin at the Leicester Galleries is the finest that has been brought together in England. There is one drawback about this adorable painter, that he leaves the critic nothing to say. "Exquisite, adorable, charming," are mere notes of exclamation, yet closer analysis seems foolish and even a little cruel. I suppose we must admit that he was not a great painter, yet his work shows more than talent, if not exactly genius. Untaught instinct is the chief note in genius, and, with all his cleverness and wit, nothing could be more *naïf*, more instinctive and childlike than his art. In comparison with him, among his successors and co-workers, Monet seems dogmatic and theory-ridden, Sisley incompetent, Renoir a little insane, Pissarro dull. His art has the closest analogy with Corot in its sweetness and charm without weakness or indecision.

As with Corot, his best works are on a small scale. *Anvers* is exquisite, and, whilst it is quite personal and modern, there are passages, like the red roofs of the old town, that remind one of the glorious view of Delft by Van der Meer. Like all great colourists, Turner, Brabazon, Manet, he knows the value of grey and black, as shown in *Le port de Trouville—le matin*. *La Plage de Trouville* is dotted with the absurd and delicious crinolines that we see in the similar picture by Manet at Sully's. *Camaret à marée basse*—has any one since Turner noted with such perfect and spontaneous art the gleam of light in a distant town, and the foreground with the sails in shadow? And the *Bateaux échoués à Portrieux*, with its ineffable grey sky, *Falaises à Etretat, Rotterdam*. *Vue du port d'Anvers*, all are perfect, unapproachable, and, to come back to the first word, adorable.

Boudin is redeemed from the commonplace by sheer charm, the absence of which makes the work of Albert Lebourg in the same gallery quite uninteresting. The daintiness of his handling, especially with the palette knife, is characteristically French, but national rather than individual. The gap that divides perfect art from mere competence and ability is curiously narrow, yet it is as *infranchissable* as if leagues separated them.

B. S.

ROUND THE GALLERIES

FROM time to time we have had occasion to single out from current exhibitions the works of Mr. Evert Moll, and the

promise shown in these isolated examples of his art is fulfilled by the collection of his oil paintings and water-colours at the Old Water-Colour Society's gallery. Having much in common with the Marises, Mauve and other modern masters of his own nation, Mr. Moll, nevertheless, is susceptible to foreign influence; and his *Thunder Cloud—Isle of Wight* (70) has much of the dignity and not a little of the quality of an Old Crome. In many of his slighter water-colour sketches—a medium whose purity he preserves better than do most of his countrymen—we are reminded now of Whistler, now of Brabazon, by the felicity of his pregnant touches, his economy of means and great delicacy of colour. As becomes a man of twenty-five, he seeks to learn from all the great masters, but he consistently makes his own observation of nature, and the strong personal feeling which pervades his varied exhibits is a sufficient proof that he is not a mere imitator of the qualities of others. Like Gabriel, he paints in a higher key than the older Dutchmen, is more occupied with truth to natural lighting, and is not limited to an appreciation of any one mood of nature. His handling of that difficult colour, scarlet, calls forth high praise, and he justifies his fascination with the red roofs of Holland by the gentle tenderness with which they are rendered. In some respects the most characteristic and original of his exhibits is *My Garden* (69), a view of his favourite red roofs across a canal with a bare tree in the centre of the foreground, a composition as successful as it is daring and having that unexpected balance which we associate with the masters of Japan. If he keep true to his ideals, Mr. Moll should go far; already his achievements are considerable.

An older generation of Dutch painters is represented at Messrs. Knoedler's galleries. In this collection De Bock is especially well represented by characteristic deep-toned landscapes, while good examples are also shown of Ter Meulen and Kever as well as of Neuhuys, J. Maris and other of the more famous masters of this popular school.

Admirers of Japanese art will find an unusually choice collection of colour-prints at Mr. W. B. Paterson's gallery. From the collector's standpoint probably the principal feature is a fine example of an exceedingly rare and famous triptych by Utamaro, a master who is splendidly represented in this collection; but examples of Harunobu, Hokkei, Yeishi, Utagawa, Koriussai, and Hokusai will excite scarcely less admiration, while Hiroshige, whose one defect—to collectors—is his modernity, is represented by some very beautiful landscapes as vivacious in arrangement as they are harmonious in colour.

Among many minor exhibitions now open mention must be made of a collection of dainty little impressions in water-colour by Sir William Eden—the *Baronet* to Whistler's *Butterfly*—at the Dutch Gallery, Grafton Street; while at the Doré Gallery is a collection of original drawings for *Westminster* cartoons by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, and water-colours of architectural and landscape subjects at home and abroad by Miss M. Dawkins.

From Cowper to Cosway, from Hilliard to Shelley or Smart, the present collection of miniatures at Messrs. Hodgkins's in Bond Street is an education in many styles of this particular branch of art. Apart from the interesting technical qualities which are here brought into acute juxtaposition, the historical value of many of the portraits of princes and queens, statesmen and nobles, is unusually great. For example, Peter Oliver gives us Frederick V., King of Bohemia, who married the only daughter of James I., and thus became grandfather of George I. This lady, Elizabeth of England, is also here, from the brush of the same master. She is wearing a *décolleté* bodice with pink rosettes and a large lace ruff, and looks quite capable of being the mother of the gifted Prince Rupert. From Samuel Cowper is a fine portrait of the first wife of James II., and, in fact, the Stuarts and their friends and enemies have a very large share of the pictures. Just how far the miniatures of any time were truthful it is

impossible to say, but, judging by these one hundred and twenty examples, either they flattered very agreeably or the sitters of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were more beautiful than the people of to-day. Numbers 57 and 65 give portraits, each by John Smart, of Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, the first Governor-General of India. One is dated 1787, the other 1792. In both he wears powdered hair and a red uniform, but otherwise each is as unlike the other as well can be. Five years of the East may make a change, but this is a remarkable one. If one artist painting one man twice in so short a time makes him so different, can we wonder at, say, the diversities of the various eighteenth-century painters' portraits of Mrs. Robinson, or believe that a national portrait gallery brings us much nearer to our heroes? But, in any case, this collection is full of charm: if Princess Amelia by Plimer, or Engleheart's Lady Walpole are not quite what those ladies really were, they are what we wish they might have been, and what they doubtless felt themselves to be, which, after all, helps to tell one side of their characters.

As we have said, almost every portrait in the gallery is historical, and to the student of the now once more fashionable art of miniature these examples are of infinite use. The small room containing Bartolozzi's studies and casual drawings is attractive, too. As a draughtsman the excellent and original engraver is not, however, seen to great advantage. There are some charming cupids holding festoons surrounding a rather poor drawing of the consort of George IV.; there is a fine pencil portrait of Lord Chancellor Loughborough, and a full-length portrait of a lady wearing a costume of the period; these and some few others are pleasant, but the collection, as a whole, will not add to the artist's fame.

MUSIC

READERS of Mr. Finck's *Life of Wagner* will open his little book on Grieg (Lane's "Living Masters of Music," 2s. 6d. net) with high expectations, and we do not think they will feel themselves sent empty away. The book is not a critical study; indeed, the author expressly disclaims the critic's function, which he thinks "a modern disease, a species of phylloxera threatening the works of genius." In this vein, therefore, the enumeration of Grieg's works (pp. 86-120) is accompanied by eulogies only. Even so, however, we must demur to the verdict on the Violin Sonata (op. 45) quoted on p. 98: "It must be classed with the most inspired scores ever written. . . . From beginning to end it is a marvel of inspiration, intelligence and independence." The work seems to us a representative one, rich in lyrical ideas of the most fascinating type, but showing Grieg's weakness equally with his strength—the continual repetition of phrases unchanged save for key; the continual iteration of two-bar phrases, sometimes contracted to one, sometimes expanded to four or even three, but never woven into a continuous web. The principal charm of the book lies in the atmosphere it provides. We see Grieg among his beloved fjords; among his friends; in his home; at the peasants' festivals; and the whole gives a new insight into the spirit of his work.

Mr. Finck again indulges his taste for critic-baiting, which is, perhaps, a pity. After all, we must attempt to classify our impressions; and if critics usually under-rate new authors, possibly some of Mr. Finck's own verdicts (e.g., p. 78) err on the other side. There is no use, however, in whining over the errors of critics. It is the penalty of genius to be despised and rejected: the world is made so. For genius is the channel for a new revelation of truth or beauty: if it is really new, the world is not prepared, and cannot understand it, and while it is learning the genius is misunderstood: if the message is not new, the world understands it, but the genius is no genius but shoddy.

Miss Hullah's little sketch of Leschetizky in the same series will be welcome to a large circle of readers. It is a good book of its kind, and trustworthy as a picture of the man, his ways, methods and surroundings: of this we have first-hand confirmation from one of his favourite pupils. A characteristic story is told of his visit to Nicholas I. of Russia, showing remarkable courage and self-reliance in a young man of twenty-two. Two chapters are devoted to the "Method," if such it can be called; though in truth Leschetizky is no slave of formulae and speaks of himself as simply a doctor: "One pupil needs this, another that. . . . There can be no rule. I am a doctor" (p. 41). The method is more mental than physical, consisting largely in concentration on every detail, bar by bar. He does not advocate more than four, or at most five, hours practising a day—a sane limitation. The tendency is to put the screw on tighter and tighter, till we hear ghastly stories of players practising sixteen hours a day, leaving only time for a game of billiards and bed. Is this life? What shall a man be profited if he gain the whole world of fame and lose his own self or life? As Grieg says: ("Grieg," p. 122) "Virtuosity revenges itself!" After all, much as we admire strenuous work, art is made for man and not man for art. Both books are well got up; the portraits and illustrations are good; and the first contains a bibliography of Grieg literature and a list of his works to date.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. MURRAY's July list of forthcoming books contains a mass of interesting announcements, from which we select the following. Among Naval, Military and Imperial books we find Mr. Arnold-Forster's "The Army in 1906," which contains a discussion of Mr. Haldane's proposals; Mr. W. Basil Worsfold's "Lord Milner's Work in South Africa, a record of his administration from its commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902, containing hitherto unpublished information," which is said to afford a powerful object-lesson in the necessity for the creation of a Representative Council of the Empire; Mr. R. C. F. Maugham's "Manica and Sofala," an illustrated account of the territory of the Mozambique Company, tracing the Portuguese occupation from the fifteenth century, and giving much information on the habits and customs of the natives, sport, climate, etc.; a translation from the German by Charles Sydney Goldman of Lieut.-General Frederick von Bernhardi's "Cavalry in Future Wars," with an introduction by Sir John French; Mr. James R. Thursfield's "Nelson and other Naval Studies," including a reprint of the series of articles in the *Times* on "Trafalgar and the Nelson Touch"; a translation by Mrs. C. E. Barrett-Lennard of F. A. Dressler's "Moltke in his Home," with an introduction by Lord Methuen; "The Industrial Organization of an Indian Province," by Dr. Theodore Morison, formerly Principal at the College at Aligarh, in which attention is concentrated on the village as the unit of economic and industrial organisation; and a translation by Captain Robert Grant of Lieutenant Hesibo Tikovara's narrative, "Before Port Arthur in a Torpedo Boat," the journal of a Japanese officer who took part in all the sea operations under Togo down to the fall of Port Arthur. We notice also M. René Huchon's two volumes, "George Crabbe and his Times," to which frequent reference was made at the time of the Crabbe celebrations last year, and "Mrs. Montagu and her friends," a sketch of the lady of whose correspondence Mrs. Climençon gave us a portion through the same publisher during the past season. Among important art-books to come from Mr. Murray during the autumn are a translation by Mr. R. H. Hobart Cust (the author of the admirable work on Giovanni Antonio Bazzi recently reviewed in these columns) of Ludwig and Molmenti's "Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio," the Venetian

painter, and Mr. H. M. Cundall's "History of British Water-Colour Painting" with a chronological list of the painters, with dates of birth and death and brief accounts of their lives, etc., beginning with the early miniatures and closing with the last decade of the last century. Among science books, the most important announced is Mr. Robert H. Lock's "Recent Advances in the study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution," which describes the connection between the new science of Genetics and the ideas which have long been summed up under the expression "Darwinism."

Encouraged by the reception of Professor Lindsay's "New Testament," Messrs. Dent are to issue in one of their series of reprints the Old Testament complete, probably in three volumes. The text will be that of the Authorised Version.

A new work of humour entitled "The Dogs of War," by Mr. Walter Emanuel, author of "Dog Days" (now in its thirty-fifth thousand), has been acquired by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Company, Limited, the proprietors of *Punch*, in which journal its serial publication will shortly commence. It will be illustrated by Mr. Cecil Aldin.

Mr. W. G. Snowsill, the chief librarian of the Central Library, in Peckham Road, is engaged in compiling a small volume of biographical and other facts relating to notable people who were born, sometime resident in, or in other ways connected with Camberwell. Some interesting details respecting Ruskin, Browning, Jowett, Alfred Domett, Talfourd, Tom Hood, William Black, Eliza Cook, W. Beatty Rands, Angus Bethune Reach, among many other old-time Camberwellians, will appear.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish on the 26th of this month "The Invasion of 1910, with a Full Account of the Siege of London," by Mr. William Le Queux. The Naval chapters contained in the book are written by Mr. H. W. Wilson, and Lord Roberts has written a preface.

Mr. William Heinemann announces that he will publish Mrs. F. A. Steel's new novel, "The Sovereign Remedy," early in August. The scene is laid in Wales.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have nearly ready Mrs. Clara Bell's translation of M. Pierre Loti's new novel of Turkish life. "Disenchanted" deals with a problem of great interest, namely, the revolt of highly educated women against the restrictions of harem life. The book throws light on the domestic life of Turkey.

which mould human speech cannot be controlled by any magician's wand. A contributor in your last number dwells on the paramount influence of "example." He must be qualifying for citizenship in "Cloud-cuckoo-town" or "Laputa," if he cherishes the fond delusion that any example under the sun can be effectual in such matters. Take two instances. All the vast authority of the Authorised Version, combined with the intrinsic beauty of the word, has been unable to save "abide" from disuse; and a second Swift or a second Burke would only make himself ridiculous if he were to write, "I intend to abide in the country for a few days"; nay more, we have added insult to injury by perverting it in the grotesque and vulgar phrase, "I can't abide him!" Again, all the influence of the Authorised Version, combined with the influence of immortal classics, like the "Pilgrim's Progress," and with the intrinsic reasonableness of the usage, has been unable to save "thou" from disuse. We leave it to the poets, who, of course, are eccentric and fantastic folk, and quite beneath the notice of sensible and practical men!

If, then, there is to be spelling reform, let us begin with the most modest aims. Is it hopeless to arrive at some decision between "e" and "i" in "inquire" and "enquiry," or between "s" and "z" in such words as "civilize" and "civilisation"? Why must we see-saw between "connection" and "connexion"? Why drop the "e" in "truly" and retain it in "purely"? Cannot all verbs derived from "cedo" be spelt alike? Is there any valid reason for the diversity of "conceive" and "retrieve" except the confusion of National Schools? Why should the "e" be present or absent at random in such words as "notable" and "noticeable"? Must the two forms "canvas" and "canvass" co-exist? Is it a law of the Medes and Persians that we should have "plow" in the Old Testament, and "plough" in the New, of our English Bibles? Shall we never agree about the final "or" and "our"? Will "ostler" and "hostelry" never be brought into line? As to the final mute "e," I do not object to that, because the French has it also. Or is it incumbent on our dignity to deny that our language was "made in France" as well as "made in Germany"?

In the second place, I do not believe that any reform in spelling will avail unless it goes hand in hand with a reform in pronunciation. If the one is erratic, the other will infallibly be erratic also. Just look at the five words "though," "through," "cough," "chough," "thorough," all spelt alike and all pronounced differently! Look at "wind" (the noun), pronounced to rhyme with "thinned" in ordinary talk, but in some of the masterpieces of our literature made to rhyme with "mind"! Look at "here" and "there"! Look at "present" pronounced differently according as it is noun and verb, and "consent" pronounced in the same way, whether it be noun or verb! Look at the grotesque inconsistency in our pronunciation of the first syllable of "Beauchamp" and "Beaumaris"! As to the pronunciation of "Marylebone," "Cirencester," and "Cholmondeley," it might have been invented by a lunatic. Who can read without a sense of its absurdity Pope's famous line: "Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things"? And the legend of the American girl who defended her pronunciation of "sinpul's" by the analogy of "sinjun" is apt enough. Then observe the practical difficulties which arise. A friend eloquently discoursed on the duty of writing and pronouncing "shamefacedness" as "shamefastness," until I quietly asked him what he would do with Wordsworth's line: "And maidenly shamefacedness," when he straightway became dumb.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to those ambiguous words which you suggest should be as ambiguously spelt, I beg to point out that if you consult a dictionary to ascertain the French or the German for *see*, you do not wish the word for *sea*. Conversely, the foreigner reading English, and looking out the words *sea* or *air* does not want to be troubled with the significations of the other homophones.

To distinguish by spelling, instead of by quoting Latin words is less troublesome when dealing with matters about words, whether in conversation or in dictionaries, concordances, grammars, etc. If agreement were arrived at as to some fifty of such words as really give trouble as in "he lives two lives" *ar(e) wer(e) hav(e) eat-ate cou(l)d*, this would save the expense of burning all our school-books periodically because pronunciation is always altering. If we alter too much, in which case universal acceptance will not ensue, English will get as difficult to read for foreigners as Danish is.

CHARLES G. STUART-MENTEATH.

July 11.

SPELLING AND PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I make a few remarks on spelling reform, of which you spoke in your last number but one? In the first place, I think that the reformers will do well to act upon the famous maxim, "festina lente." To imagine that our English spelling can be reformed by reading a single paper or writing a single article is as unpractical as to fancy that the English language or the English constitution can be reformed by the same summary process. The strange and incomprehensible forces

"CONCEALED POETS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is difficult for the ordinary mind to discern what Mr. A. Hall is driving at in his letter under this heading in to-day's ACADEMY.

In an epistle to John Davies, the poet, afterwards Attorney-General, written from Gray's Inn on March 28, 1603, Francis Bacon begs Davies to move his influence with the king on his (Bacon's) behalf. He asks his friend "to perform to me all the good offices which the vivacity of your wit can suggest to your mind to be performed to one in whose affection you have so great sympathy, and in whose future you have so great an interest. So desiring you to be good to concealed poets.

I continue

Your very assured

FR. BACON.

This letter is addressed to a poet who confesses to be a "concealed poet." That is to say, that he was the author of poetical writings which he does not acknowledge.

In his *Apology for Essex*, Bacon confesses: "It happened, a little before that time, that her Majesty had a purpose to dine at Twickenham Park, at which time I had (although I profess not to be a poet) prepared a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconciliation to my Lord [Essex], which I remember I also showed to a great person." Where is this sonnet? Nos. 56, 57, or 58 of the Shakespearean Sonnets seem to come very near the Baconian intention. They seem to "fit in" remarkably well. Mr. Hall, if I read his letter aright, appears to suggest that the expression "concealed poets" refers to Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of Francis; but, as Sir Nicholas died in 1679, when Francis was a boy, Nicholas could not possibly be one of the "concealed poets"—if there were more than one—alluded to in the letter of the live man on whose behalf the letter was written. And I have yet to learn, after consulting the Oxford Dictionary, that the word "concealed," as Mr. Hall suggests, can be held to mean "anonymous and inedited."

What is the meaning of Bacon's allusion to "concealed poets?" Spedding, Bacon's great biographer, says: "The allusion to 'concealed poets,' I cannot explain. But as Bacon occasionally wrote letters and devices which were to be fathered by Essex, he may have written verses for a similar purpose, and Davis may have been in the secret."

This explanation is not very satisfactory. We know that Essex produced "masques," and we know that Bacon wrote them, and that everybody knew at the time that Bacon wrote them. There was no concealment on the subject at Gray's Inn. We have Bacon's acknowledged dramatic work in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, *A Conference of Pleasure*, the *Gesta Graiorum*, the Essex "Device," and *The Mask of Flowers*—all of them in a combination of verse and prose.

The concealment could not refer, as has been suggested, to Bacon's translation of the Psalms, written in 1624 and published under his name in the following year; so that we have still to learn what and where the poetry is that Francis Bacon confessed to concealing.

GEORGE STRONACH.

WAGNER AND LEIT MOTIF

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was much struck by the concluding portion of H.C.C.'s Article, "A Sidelight on Wagner," where that writer propounds the opinion that Wagner's employment of the *leit motif* was in great measure owing to the maestro's natural inability to produce true melody, so that he was compelled to excogitate this technical device as a substitute for the ordinary and traditional airs required in operatic composition. Although fully in agreement with the latter part of his criticism, I cannot help thinking that H.C.C. has, while keeping the music of the "Ring" and of the composer's more ambitious works chiefly in mind, overlooked the operas of his second period; for in truth there is here an abundance, not to say a prodigality of melody, and that of an altogether uncommon and exalted kind: as in Tannhäuser's noble song when dashing aside the lyre, in the charming Spinnlied, and in the Swan Song in *Lohengrin*, to mention only a few instances; but their number sensibly diminishes as one reaches the period of the music drama proper. By this time Wagner's melody seems to have exhausted itself, bubbling forth only at rare and far-distant intervals, the *leit motif* in its later phase taking its place.

The invention of this expedient in its cruder form, which is said to be identical with the *idée fixe* of Berlioz (1830), according to Sir Charles Parry; although there may lie foreshadowings of it in the musical phrases of Bach, Mozart and Weber, and traces of it in Mendelssohn and in the *Prophète* (1849) is generally attributed to Wagner himself. In his "earlier operas," Sir Charles says, "there are only suggestions of the principle" which, in his later works, was worked up into a perfected and complex system. There is, I cannot help thinking, still more direct and palpable evidence of the source whence Wagner derived his idea of the potentialities of *leit motif* than that already adduced, certainly earlier than the performance of the *Prophète*, which only appeared in 1849, subsequently that is, to both the *Flying Dutchman* (1843) and *Tannhäuser* (1845).

While witnessing a recent representation of the *Huguenots* (1836) at Brussels, the conviction was repeatedly forced upon me during the steady progress of the piece that—strange as it may undoubtedly sound in the uttering—here, in Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is to be found the real germ of Wagner's *leit motif* in its simplest and most expressive form, adopted as a means to heighten the effect, accentuate the situation, and conserve the attention of the audience, as carried out in the compositions of his maturer years. A comparison of dates will prove that such a connection of cause and effect is only too probable, especially when one takes note of the obvious parallel between the Lutheran chorale, heard first in the overture to the *Huguenots* and then successively through each act, and the "Pilgrim's chorus," in *Tannhäuser*, the latter being a very palpable imitation, as it seems to me, of the former. It was an infinitely bold thing for Meyerbeer, a German and a Jew by birth, writing too for a Parisian audience, intensely Catholic in sympathy, to choose as the backbone of his work a theme so familiar as the Protestant chant; but the result showed that his genius possessed that valuable quality, which Bismarck characterised as "liberté d'appréciation et liberté d'action," a sure passport to success, when fate seems to point the way. Though both Berlioz and Liszt were ready to admit the triumph obtained by Meyerbeer, the then struggling musician whom he so often befriended, and for whose works he first obtained an adequate public performance, could only write thus in "Oper und Drama" of his benefactor: "In Meyerbeer's music there is shown such an appalling emptiness, shallowness and artistic nothingness, that . . . we are tempted to set down his specific musical capacity at zero. . . ." Surely this was naught but an inspiration of the green-eyed monster, preaching the doctrine of "Summum jus, summa injuria."

With all Meyerbeer's inequality and occasional crudity, with all his improbabilities and anachronisms, as in *Robert le Diable* more particularly, modern music owes to him, perhaps, more than to any other composer, the conception of the grand romantic drama, with its passion, wealth of colouring, intensity of interest, differentiation of character and effective ballet music, factors which still retain for his operas a continued popularity, and which have already found their highest musical expression probably in Gounod's *Faust*.

Again, if we compare Meyerbeer's use of the fore-mentioned hymn with Wagner's treatment of the "Prize Song" in the *Meistersinger*, it will become evident, I think, that whereas the simpler melody, though introduced several times in the opera, always occurs at the proper

harmonic moment, never palling on the ear, but rather gaining each time in cadence and solemnity; Wagner is so absorbed with the elaboration of his exquisitely beautiful but withal artificial air, as to become, apparently from a constant iteration of it in one or other of its varied forms, too much enamoured of his own sweetness, thereby subjecting the temper of his audience to an unduly severe test; even if, out of respect, they refuse to regard such monotony as nauseating.

As regards Mr. Baughan's charge that Wagner "does not make the dramatic needs of his theatre-music subservient to a symphonic design," I would only observe that the music of the *Ring* in particular appears to me to possess the characteristics of *epic* rather than of *dramatic* composition, and that it should be so considered when performed in the concert hall; here the composer has, to all appearances, approached nearer to a resemblance to the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey" than to that of the Greek tetralogy, which was his ostensible aim and model. In any case, I trust some of the readers of the ACADEMY will be able to concur in my view that Wagner, if he could only have allowed the fact, was deeply indebted to the *Huguenots* for the inception at least of the principle of his *leit motif*, whatever ideas in the abstract may have been previously present in his mind.

N. W. H.

Philadelphia, July 6.

THE GRAMMARIAN ABROAD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been familiar for years, not only with such expressions as "like we do," but with the confusion of *who* and *whom* by all our minor novelists, but I am surprised to find in Mr. Benson's "Angel of Pain" such a phrase as "Madge had succeeded in giving the impression of calculation to one whom she knew calculated" (p. 46) or "fidelity of those whom one thought were friends" (p. 169). Bad grammar in dialogue might be excused on the plea that people talk thus, but it is a different thing when an author speaks in his own person, and, it may be presumed, has read his proofs. When the Duke of Argyll writes—"the Duke of Newcastle . . . whom we all thought had been ill-used," we may be sure that had he published his auto-biography he would have corrected such a slip of the pen. Nor would Wesley have printed, as he wrote to his brother, "Let you and I build the city of God." But living novelists surely should avoid such blunders. Why, moreover, has the printer's reader abdicated? He attends to the spelling, except indeed in allowing the verb *wile* to figure as *while*. Why is he not equally vigilant as to grammar?

J. G. ALGER.

July 6.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF "KNOWLEDGE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following quotation shows how Rudyard Kipling pronounces the word:

And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College;
For they taught us common sense—
Tried to teach us common sense—
Truth and God's Own Common Sense,
Which is more than knowledge.

It is from the verses prefixed to "Stalky & Co."

F. E. A. CAMPBELL.

July 5.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES IN THE SCHOOLS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A most interesting and highly instructive article from the pen of Dr. Louis Elkind has just appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* on the subject of Germany and the causes of the tremendous advance which that country has made within recent years in the spheres of commerce and industry. Dr. Elkind affirms that one of the chief reasons for Germany's prosperity is the great pains taken to master foreign languages. He writes: "German firms are competing strongly with British firms in markets which, at one time, were almost entirely in the hands of British merchants, and this is not surprising, for the British representative, as a rule, has little or no knowledge of the language of the country in which he travels for orders, whilst the German is able to speak it fluently. It is extraordinary that British firms should continue to send abroad representatives who can speak no other language but their own." This is a very important subject, and Dr. Louis Elkind, who is undoubtedly the ablest and most competent writer on foreign affairs living in this country, deserves great credit for bringing this question prominently before the English public. Now, what I should like to know is this: *Has Great Britain taken any decisive steps during the last few years in the matter of teaching foreign languages in the public schools?* I am afraid the answer will be in the negative. A complicated Education Bill is now before Parliament, which seems to deal chiefly with religious questions, whereas really enlightened education, such as the earnest study of foreign languages, is scarcely touched upon. This deplorable state of things surely ought not to continue, and I trust that Dr. Louis Elkind's admirable article (the best which has ever been written on this particular subject) may be seriously considered, and that it will bear good fruit.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

July 16.

A REQUEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be very glad if some of your readers will kindly send me their copy of the ACADEMY when they have done with it. Although I am so far removed from home, I cannot cease my interest in literature altogether.

(Rev.) J. H. WHITENHEAD, M.A.
(S. John's Coll. Camb.)

The Rectory, Forbes,
N.S.W., Australia.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A: Cuneiform Texts. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vols. xiv. and xv. *Documents from the Temple Archives of Nippur.* By Albert T. Clay. Each 12½ × 9½. Pp. xii, 74+99 pp. of plates; xii, 68+84 pp. of plates. Philadelphia: Published by the Department of Archæology, University of Philadelphia. Each \$6.

Reymond, Marcel. *Verrocchio*. 8½ × 6. Pp. 168. Les Maitres de l'Art. Paris: Librairie de l'Art ancien et moderne. 3f. 50 and 4f. 50.

[One of the admirable series published under the patronage of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. Twenty-four full-page plates. Chronological Table. List of Works. Bibliography. Index.]

Rembrandt, *A Memorial—1606-1906*. Part X. 14½ × 10½. Pp. 6, with seven plates, title-page and tables. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[The concluding part of the work reviewed in the ACADEMY last week, p. 46.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Otton, G. W. *Martin of Tours, Soldier and Saint*. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 48. Mowbray, 1s. net.

[A pleasant little study of the life and work of the Saint and Bishop of Tours of whom many know only the story of his sharing his cloak with the beggar.]

CLASSICS.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated by E. Fairfax Taylor. Introduction and notes by E. M. Foster. 2 vols. Each 7 × 4½. Pp. xviii, 352; 363. The Temple Greek and Latin Classics. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.

Plutarch's Lives. Translated by W. R. Frazer. Vol. ii. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 234. The New Classical Library. Edited by Dr. Emil Reich. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. net.

[Contains Aristides, M. Cato, Demosthenes, Cicero, Lycurgus, Numa. Index.]

EDUCATION.

Crouzet, Paul. *Maitres et Parents*. Etude et Enquête sur la coopération de l'Ecole et du Lycée avec la Famille. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 303. Paris: Colin, 3f. 50.

Siepmann, Otto, and Pellissier, Eugène. *A Public School French Primer*, comprising Reader, Grammar and Exercises with a chapter on French sounds and lists of words for practice in pronunciation and spelling. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xxxiv, 340. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Burrows, Frank R. *Geographical Gleanings*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 75. Philip, 1s. 6d. net.

[Part I. On some methods of teaching Geography. Part II. On the Preparation and Teaching of the subject. The book is intended for the consideration of teachers.]

Harmsworth Self-Educator. Part 20. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 144. Carmelite House, 7d.

FICTION.

Oxenham, John. *Profit and Loss*. With a frontispiece in photogravure by Harold Copping. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 466. Methuen, 6s.

Siemkiewicz, Henry. *The Field of Glory*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 360. Lane, 6s.

Burra, Ella M. *Copper*. The Life of a Theatrical Dog Star. Illustrated by M. Tucker. 8½ × 6½. Pp. 74. Burleigh, 2s. 6d. net.

[Ten full-page illustrations.]

James, Mrs. Wentworth. *The Mystery of Sylvia*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 64. Newnes: The Daffodil Novels, No. 14. 1d.

LAW.

Macgillivray, E. J. *A digest of the law of copyright*, with appendix of statutes. 8½ × 5½. Pp. xxiv, 92, 14. Butterworth, n.p.

[A book written at the suggestion of the President of the Publisher's Association. Aims at giving a clear, complete and accurate statement in a small compass, in the form of a codification.]

MATHEMATICS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. xxviii. No. 2. 12½ × 9½. Pp. 102. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. \$1 50.

[Conclusion of A. G. Greenhill's "The Motion of a Solid in Infinite Liquid;" Bertrand Russell, "The Theory of Implication."]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Martin, Arthur. *The Small House: its architecture and surroundings*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 118. Alston Rivers, 2s. net.

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Songs and Memories. By an unknown author. 7½ × 4½. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.

Monro, Harold. *Poems*. 6½ × 5½. Pp. 63. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

Gazder, N. B. *Streamlets from the Fount of Poetry*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 89. Leadenhall Press, n.p.

POLITICAL.

Gebusa. *The Peril in Natal*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 29. Unwin, 3d. net.

[A condemnation of our recent action in regard to the Zulus in Natal.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Series in Political Economy and Public Law. No. 18. Jones, Chester Lloyd. *The Consular Service of the United States*: its history and activities. 10½ × 6½. Pp. x, 126. Philadelphia: Published for the University, n.p.

[Besides the matter implied in the sub-title the book aims at giving an estimate of the limits of the aid which consuls can lend to commerce, and examines the European systems. Index.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. *William Blake*. A critical essay. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 340. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Purchas, Samuel. *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes*. Containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travells by Englishmen and others. Vols. xiii. and xiv. Each 9½ × 6½. Pp. 559 and 592. Glasgow: MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net each.

Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Series in Philology and Literature. Vol. x. *The Tragedy of Chabot Admiral of France*. Written by George Chapman and James Shirley. Reprinted from the Quarto of 1639. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Ezra Lehman. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 124. Philadelphia: published for the University, n.p.

[Reprinted, with no change in spelling and punctuation. The 1639 Quarto is the only known edition before Dyce, and this text is reprinted from a copy recently acquired by the University of Pennsylvania. Some few of Dyce's and Shepherd's emendations are given in footnotes; there are a few explanatory and grammatical notes at the end. Bibliography and Index.]

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[Lectures delivered for the Christian Evidence Society.]

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[These lectures were delivered in Ambrosiasden Avenue, Westminster, during the Lent of this year.]

Carus-Wilson, Mrs. Ashby, B.A. *S. Peter and S. John*: First Missionaries of the Gospel. A scheme for the study of the earliest Christian Age. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 98. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

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[With a portrait of the author.]
- M'Kie, Thomas. *Summer Rambles*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 475. Edinburgh: Douglas, 2s. 6d.
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- Treves, Sir Frederick, Bart. *Highways and Byways in Dorset*. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 8 x 5½. Pp. xx, 376. Macmillan, Highways and Byways Series, 6s.
- London Topographical Record*. Illustrated. Including the fifth and the sixth annual report of the London Topographical Society. Vol. iii. 9 x 6. Pp. 184. London Topographical Society, n.p.
[Includes "Notes on Salway's Plan," by Colonel Prideaux, "Changing London" (North St. Marylebone), by J. G. Head, and "Signs of Old London," by F. G. Hilton Price.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Sexti Propertii Opera omnia. By H. E. Butler, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. (Constable, 8s. 6d. net.)—On editions of Propertius the editor is disappointing, with false dates, misquotations and omissions. Mr. Butler, however, has become charmingly independent of Professor Phillimore, Rothstein, and "N." He follows Professor Tyrrell with *mihi* at iii. 11, 23. He has missed—what Professor A. E. Housman (*Class. Rev.*, 1905, p. 320) explained—the meaning of *requiescere*, where he prints his own conjecture, *lubet* (for *licet*), in ii. 17, 15. *Lubet* is suspiciously similar to the "*jubet*" (two lines before) of Jules Didot, published in 1832. (The same Didot, in the same year, anticipated Professor A. Palmer's 1880 *sidat*, for *sudet*, iv. 8, 7, 8.) In ii. 2, 11, Mr. Butler has not accepted Burmann's *ossaris*. He has, however, against Professor Postgate, taken Turnehus's *Brimo* in ii. 2, 12. He has missed the certain *ter campos*, for *per campos*, in iii. 1, 28, and the equally certain *vero* (*veru*), for *viro*, in iii. 6, 30, where the line should run:

cinctaque funesto lanea vitta *veru* (*verro*).

(For use of *veru*, as applied to tombs, cf. Orelli's *Inscript.* no. 736, vol. ii. ed. 1828, *Inscr.* apud Fabretti, p. 684, no. 85.) In iv. 6, 49, though "D" reads *inimantis*, Mr. Butler did not duly think of *Mimantis*. Baehrens's difficulty over *illaque* in ii. 25, 45, might itself have suggested *pullaque*, but no. We miss also *macies* (better than *facies*) *canum*, iii. 16, 17; *fax* (preferable to *mox*) in iii. 12, 26. At iv. 1, 65, Mr. Butler ignores, or is ignorant of, the *Codex Lusaticus*, published in 1899, at Marburg, by Paul Köhler, and again lately, by the same, in the *Philologus*. Mr. Butler gives *Asis* as the reading of Mr. O. L. Richmond. It is that (expunged) of the *Lusaticus*, which bears date Padua, 1469. So Messrs. O. L. Richmond, and A. Palmer (Dublin: 1880) have been anticipated by this manuscript and by J. Didot (Paris: 1832), respectively. The same manuscript has, at ii. 16, 1, the reading *præcor* (for *prator*). Could it have intended *Venit ab Illyricis præcor*, etc.? Köhler's manuscript throws light on another passage, i. 8, 27, the line with which Mr. Butler begins a new elegy (following Lipsius's suggestion), and which reads thus: "*hic erat manet et*" (expunged), whence one may perhaps reconstitute: "*hic erat, et hic jurata manet*." Mr. Butler misses the beauty (pointed out by Professor Postgate) of *una* in i. 13, 36: "may she in her one person . . ." He does not take, as is probably right, *uno* as a dat. in ii. 1, 47. (So Prop. uses *uni* as a gen., *serta* and *cassida* as nom. sing., and, seemingly, *verum* for *veru*, as does Plautus.) Poor Professor Postgate is most unfairly treated at ii. 34, 91, nothing less, in fact, than accused of a reading of which he is not guilty. Nothing shows Mr. Butler's acquaintance with the new manuscript, which is apparently due to two hands, one following the Neapolitan ("N") *Codex*, and the other resembling the class D.V.A.F. The "more important" second edition of Lachmann is, for all its "importance," not referred to. Teuffel's "*Geschichte der römischen Literatur*" is called "*History of Latin Literature*."

Manual of Descriptive Annotation for Library Catalogues. By E. A. Savage, with [a] chapter on Evaluation and [an] historical note by E. A. Baker, M.A. (Library Supply Co., 5s. net.)—This is an endeavour to systematise the whole of our knowledge of annotating books in this country, and to formulate an efficient code of rules. Up to the publication of this volume the only information available is contained in various professional and other magazine articles and papers. As a pioneer manual the book is deserving of the highest praise. The first impression it gives is one of amazement at the vast amount of knowledge and information required in what is either an art or a science—which it is librarians have not yet decided, although the author inclines to the former. The second is that, after all, the thing is so simple when put into a concrete form; and finally the reader is left wondering why the work of the book has not been done before. The close grading of juvenile books is good, and "under no circumstances should the language of the annotation be simpler than the language of the book," but in practice a child of fourteen will be rather shy of asking for a book which has been graded into the section of books suitable for children of ten. The author gives two good definitions

(a) of Annotation . . . "the term applied to all processes of describing the leading features and ideas of books in a succinct manner, whether by analysis or criticism or both together." (b) Accurate and impartial evaluation (assuming that such is possible) is exposition. It is a pity, however, that this was not made to coincide with that given by Mr. Baker in his chapter on "Evaluation or Characterisation: " "Critical annotation," the English phrase for the same thing [evaluation] . . . Evaluation is a word widely used in America, but one which is not yet clearly understood on this side of the Atlantic. Few librarians, we think, will agree with the author when he estimates that two assistants, one of them a junior, can write efficient annotations for twenty books every hour, and that the final correction "will occupy one half that time." It is strange, too, that although the book relies, necessarily, very largely upon American methods, exception should be taken to the "personal tone": this form, sometimes called individual advertising, is admittedly in bad taste, but it is scarcely to be described as "annotative pap," and is one of the most successful of American methods of advertising. It is true that advertisement is not an essential element of book annotation, but it is nevertheless inherent in it. The elisions recommended sometimes lead to curious pieces of construction, as on p. 11. . . . "A text-book for younger students than Bright's 'History.'" The great danger of the detailed annotation describing the scope of a book is its limitation. The need for a catalogue for librarians is recognised, but it is a subject of great importance. Several attempts have been made other than those mentioned in Mr. Baker's "Historical note." The Library Bureau launched an elaborate scheme, and an agency in one of the northern towns in later days essayed a similar scheme, but both, unfortunately, came to nothing. Not enough attention has been devoted to "supplements," when a great deal of the information given in the general catalogue must be repeated (when in printed form); and the method of "practical work" described does not provide sufficient facilities for discovering errors in the general catalogue, nor for emendations of previous notes. In America, where the special education of the librarian is much more highly organised than in this country, annotation is a recognised and highly developed study, although even here annotated catalogues of books or their authors have been in use for several centuries. The plan of putting the annotation under the subject entry, although contrary to a general practice and followed in its entirety by only a few library catalogues, is a good one, although there is much to be said in favour of putting the author note under the author entry. The breadth of view taken of the subject is commendable. It is recognised that a note need not be below the entry, but may be a part of the entry, and that a note that is below the entry may contain matter from the sub-title of the book, and also that the note legitimately includes the qualifications of the author and the relation of his work to other books on the same subject.

We have received from Mr. Clegg, of the Aldine Press, Rochdale, the seventh annual of the "International Directory of Booksellers" (6s.) a compilation invaluable to all who are concerned with the commercial side of literature, and of great interest to the book-maker and the book-buyer. Those familiar with the previous issues will know the fulness and accuracy of the contents. The booksellers of the world, the Public Libraries of the world, the publishers, book collectors, societies and institutions, Universities and Colleges of the world are among the tabulated lists given; and the bibliographies of Book and Library Catalogues, trade journals, etc., Concordances and Bookplates are features of very great service. In the seventh issue there appear for the first time lists of "Bookbinders in London and the Provinces, Record and Literary Searchers; Translators and Indexers; Colonial and Foreign Learned and Scientific Societies; Literary Agents (English and American); South African Public Schools; and American Educational Institutions." Fine Art is not neglected; nor are autographs, press-cutting agencies, carriers, copyright registration and a hundred other subjects of daily importance to many. Want of space has crowded out the lists of fictitious names used by authors and book-illustrators, but these can be found in the 1891 issue; and those of living authors, etc., in the "Who's Who Year Book." The "International Directory of Booksellers" is a volume without which no reference shelf is complete. It is brought right up to the moment by two pages of "Additions and changes during printing" and an extra, still later, slip, and the Editor's modest regard for corrections of mistakes is not likely to find many replies, so carefully is the work compiled and edited.

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